

1872
D. Ferrier



Chavet

615
131

325

1872
D. Ferrier



Chavet

615 / 131 = 323

Mitford. 1822.

(July 1822.)

James White, the friend of L. Lamb. and Author
of "Talford's Letters." This was he who used to
give an Anniversary dinner to the Charing Cross
men. He was magnificence as Mrs. Norton's.

Hunt's Mem: 422 Pym. p. 348.

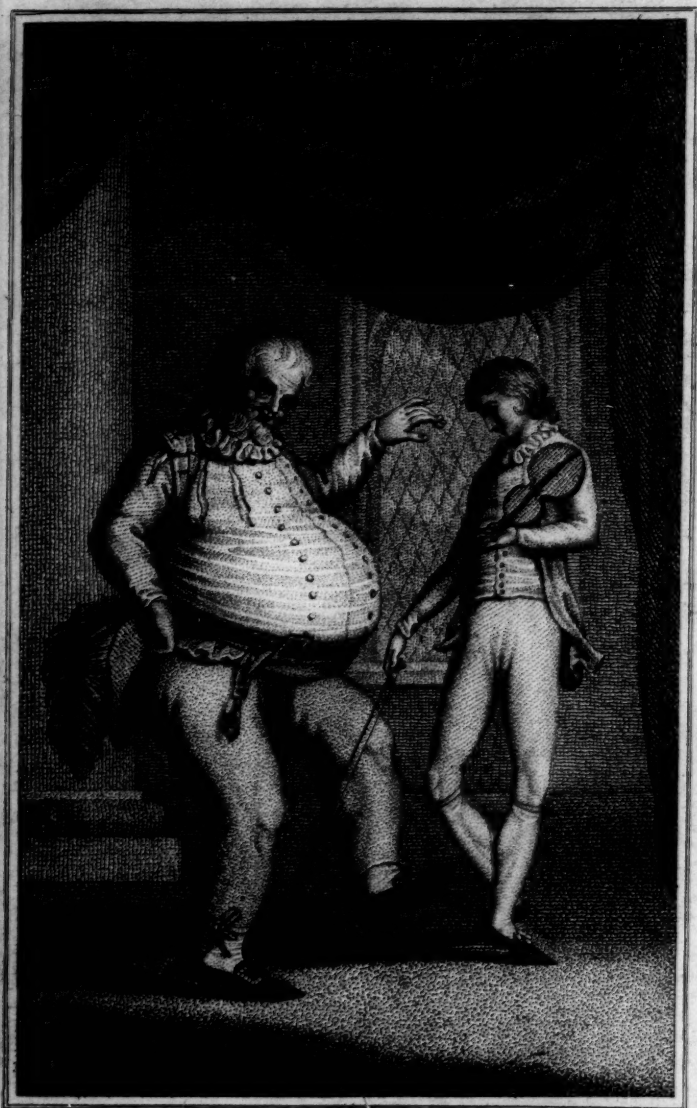
For an acct of J. White, see Misc. vol. 1. p.
252. and Talford's Mem. of Lamb. vol. 1. p. 12.
34. 117. 129. and Final Memorials. vol. 1. p. 5. 44.

See Letters of L. Lamb. New Ed. 1849. pp.
8. 20. 71. 114.

12350 b. 19.

17 JY 60





W. L. Long Delin. & Sculp.

*I must dance, caper in the Air
like a Tun of Molass'—only my
ascension will be heavier, in regard
I must rise without a crane.
Master Brook.—*

Falstaff's Letters.

Original Letters, &c.
OF
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF

SELECTED FROM
GENUINE MSS.

WHICH HAVE BEEN IN THE POSSESSION OF

DAME QUICKLY

AND

HER DESCENDANTS
NEAR FOUR HUNDRED YEARS.

THE SECOND EDITION.

DEDICATED TO

Master Samuel Irelaunde.

L O N D O N :

PUBLISHED BY

MESSRS. C. C. AND J. ROBINSONS, PATERNOSTER-ROW;
J. DEBRETT, PICCADILLY; AND MURRAY AND
HIGHLEY, NO. 32, FLEET-STREET.

1797.

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DEDICATIONE.

To Master Samuel Ivelaunde.

Right Curteis and Erudite Syre,

KNOWE unto you it is whatte maner of
menne there be in thys age, who deeme they doe
mankynde mochel serbyce, whan in theyre leu
sorte they make mocke at trefw science, whych
consysteth for the most parte, it sholde seeme, in
the notices we haue lefte us of antiquitie. These
be menne, who thinke scorne of payns-taking
Wights (like you or me) who from the mynes
of remote tyme by vynte of toyle do brynge forth
to view the pretious golde and the sylvere, (where-

In it may not be farre from our discourse to re-
 marke after whatte fashyone the mynes I here
 discusse doe differ from mynes physic or natural.
 In as moche as these latter doe renderre uppe
 theyre treasures yette being rude, and (as menne
 comonly saien) in the oarre; whereas those mynes
 intellectual, abounden in a sorte of metal, wyche
 cometh forth onmyngled wythe baser matter,
 and bearynge engraven onne it the marke and
 impresse, whyche to menne skylful in soche
 thynges, and candide, dothe notifie and assure
 its authenticitie. Peradventure, neede is I
 holde here fetche instaunce from thatte trew myne
 and ryche vein of poesye dugge out in these lase
 days by that younge Bristoloyan, and whyche to all
 lound myndes dyd euidence a genuine byrthe. (Tho'
 there be, who stycke votte to affyrme that the
 antique Rowley was noe oder thanne the streplinge
 Chatterton, therein erring.) Votte thys is a
 mayne digressyone from the matter in honde,
 cho' therein I stande notte alone, having notablē
 exemplar

exemplar in thatte famousse Wight of Antiquitie,
the Latine poet Vergilius (as Dan Chaucer
'clepeth him aryghte, whom the mincyng mouthe
of after tymes mys-nameth Virgil.) Alsoe if
neede were, I might here cite the exemplar of
thatte grete Clerke himselte, of whom his pupil
Spenser wele affirmeth thatte he is a "Well of
"Englishe ondefyled." After thys fashyone he
speaketh. And now letten us come forthwith to
the main subiecte of our discourse.

Those rare gyftes of Fortuna to menne, the
lyghtyng upon lost recordes, and the iuventyone*
of MS. have in thys oure daye been farre out-
donne by thatte rare discoverie by yowrselfe made.
Tell me, curteis Syrre, was it by spade and
by mattocke thatte you dyd fynde these goodlye
thynges? Were those shrewde knaves caterers
for you, who dyd fathome a grave for Distresse
Ophelia? Those madde rogues who dyd poke

* Inuentyone, or discoverie, from the Latine verbe, in-
venio.

agaynste the scull of a droll Iesterre, thepby
 affordenge moche matter of mathematycale sonne
 for Master Laurence Sterne? Methinks you dot
 call to life agayne thatte shoote swanne of Abonne,
 whose Songes dyd sounde so pleasaunt in the
 eares of thatte peerlesse Mayden Queene and re-
 nowned victrix of Spayne, Elizabeth. Note by
 the pryce sette upon your labours by the wyttes of
 the age, it shold seeme lamentable matter of facte,
 howe moche poesy, and the prynces phantasies and con-
 ceipts of conyngge menne are fallen into contempte
 in these the worldis last dayes. Markelesse, Master
 Irelaunde, letten us not be fruitelesse caste
 doونه—The tyme nothe faste approche, nay
 even now is close at hande, when the overcharged
 clowdes of scepticyisme muste incontinentlye banish
 before conditiōne's serene Welkin, and Co-
 monde shall in vayne resume hys laboures. Ar-
 rest thyne eyne—looke backe att the goodly
 figure of the auncient Knighte—naye, looke notte
 cursorye, it is the impresse of a ryghte venerable
 picture

picture traunsmitted downewardes throughe oure
house forre foure hondredde yeares.—Seest thou
notte the antique characteres ygraved onne the
Belte? Doubtlesse they doe reflecte a lighte col-
laterale uponne thy clerkish manuscriptes; ande
doubtlesse by a twofolde operatpone doe they con-
fyrme unto the worlde by theyre evidence the
truth of the Falstaffe Letteres. To conclude; the
matter of facte (as soe it sholde seeme) muste be
pleasaunt and gratefull untoe thee, Master Ire-
launde, to know thatte in the dayes of the Fifth
Henry an ancestor of thyne was a maker of
Trunke Hose, or as it is spoken of in these mo-
derne tymes, a maker of Pantaloones.

Trusting thatte posteritie shall yet remunerate
us for oure undertakynge (whych are simplare)
wythe a lyke portpnone of laud and prayse, I doe
commende thee unto thye beste fortunes.

Thy fellow-labourer in the mynes of
antiquitie, and moste humble ser-
vaunte to commande,

* * * * *

P R E F A C E.

OF all the valuable remains of Antiquity, the world has ever especially patronised those, which any ways tend to develope the characters of men eminent in their day.—The Curate's Sermons we can subscribe to from motives of humanity to his Widow; not to hint at their utility, administered occasionally, as narcotics. A similar impulse, perhaps a fellow-feeling, endears us to the Author, whose taylor is importunate.—But the familiar papers, and epistolary tablets, of a man renown'd among his cotemporaries,

A 6

poraries, famous through succeeding centuries, happy be his dole, who shall rescue from the Epicurean tooth of Vandal Moth accurs'd!—The Antiquarian shall ever present him the right hand of fellowship; nor less esteem the yellow colourings, laid on their nibbled surface by the kindly hand of time, than the mellow hues, with which the same friendly touch hath perfected some undoubted work of Guido, or the Caracci.

I am happy in presenting the world with a series of most interesting manuscript letters, &c.—They were found by Mrs. Quickly, Landlady of the Boar Tavern in Eastcheap, in a private drawer, at the left hand corner of a walnut-tree escrutoire, the property of Sir John Falstaff, after the good Knight's death.—At Mrs. Quickly's

Quickly's demise, which happened in August, 1419, they devolved, among other Outlandish papers, such as leases, title-deeds, &c. to her heiress at law, an elderly maiden sister; who, unfortunately for all the world, and to my individual eternal sorrow and regret, of all the dishes in the culinary system, was fond of roast pig.

A curse on her Epicurean guts, that could not be contented with plain mutton, like the rest of her Ancestors!

Reader, whenever as journeying onward in thy epistolary progress, a chasm should occur to interrupt the chain of events, I beseech thee blame not me, but curse the rump of roast pig. This maiden-sister, conceive with what pathos I relate it, absolutely made use of several, no doubt invaluable letters,

etters, to shade the jutting protuberances of that animal from disproportionate excoriation in its circuitous approaches to the fire.

My friend, Mr. *****, decypherer of ancient records, on shewing him the manuscripts, and communicating my misfortune, silyly hinted at his possession of some curious yellow papers. — However gratified I might feel at this instance of his friendship, however practicable I might conceive it to forge the mere manual characters, how are the escapes, the bursts of humour, of Sir John Falstaff to be delineated, his quips, and his gybes? No, Sirs, I might as well attempt, (with every respect to Alehymists, Amalgamators, &c. — Gentlemen, I bow to you) I might as well attempt to incorporate

porate Solar-essence with Epping-
butter.

It may be objected against the authenticity of my Manuscript, that they do not appear in the proper garb of their age.—To this I answer, that I do not make them public for the gratification of the Virtuoso, but for the amusement of the whole world; three-fourths of whom are too far advanced in life, to commence their studies in the most noble science of antient orthography. Far be it from me to shrink from the investigation of the scholar, or the critic.—Gentlemen, my closet is open to you—I very respectfully entreat your entrance. From your convictions I anticipate, I already hear, the united commands of the whole world vibrate in my ear, to bring forward other Manuscripts in my possession; Manuscripts,

scripts, which contain many very important traits, and features of character, in Sir John Falstaff, but lightly touched upon by Shakspeare.—What an immense acquisition to the Theatres!

I had once, indeed, thought of giving them a dramatic form, for the purpose of communicating them to the Manager of Covent-garden; but the splendid taste of the age, incessantly calling on him for gaudes and shews, the very nature of which must necessarily arrest his whole attention, I fear'd they might be laid on the shelf, “that
 “ Bourn whence no Traveller re-
 “ turns;” and thus, with other valuable writings, be lost to the world. Super-added to this, a species of delicacy I cannot describe, 'tis nearly allied to pride, forbad my parting with them
 unsolicited.

unsolicited. Perhaps a respectful application from the Manager, Mr. Harris, through the medium of Mr. F*****, or any other distinguished performer, might conduce——But really this so delicate a subject, that—

It may be asked, how they came into my possession?——I beseech thee, good Mr. Inquisitive, urge not the question.—Of all the occupations subservient to the views of man, none was ever to me so vituperative, as that of a Publican.—What the Street-walker is in the flesh, that is the Publican in the spirit, amenable to the caprice of every unbridled passion.—And yet, that I should have emigrated from the loins of a Publican, be bred, no, not *bred*, born and begotten of a Publican! Whence can the fatality arise!

Reader,

Reader, the Manuscript came to me by direct inheritance.

Master Quickly, Master Quickly, amid thy daily roar of subaltern base-born * revelry, thou art little conscious of the illustrious personages that once honoured thy roof;—of the memorials that yet remain of their being to an estranged branch of thy race. The names of *Falstaff*, *Hal*, *Corporal Bardolph*, are strange to thee.— I do not marvel: for they have ceased, Master Quickly, to be on thy score.— Yet if thy blood is not utterly degenerate, if any particle remains to thee of the dignity of our house, put thy pipe into thy mouth, and walk sedately with me.

* The Boar's-head in Eastcheap, now a common pot-house.

A sage writer remarks, tho' time obliterated, yet not relentless in his ravages, he leaveth some slight traditionary token to sooth the memory of past times.

Shut the door.—Thou art now, where Sir John was wont to solace himself, in the identical Pomegranate*. Doth not the Genius of the place silently rebuke thy pride, that hath taken a flight so far beneath thy ancestry?

The Boar's-head, in days of yore the resort of every quality proper and handsome, to become a rendezvous for the many-specied scions of the mechanick-stock! The Pomegranate,

* A Room so called in the Boar Tavern, which Sir John was partial to.

ancient

ancient receptacle of illustrious Wits, Bloods, who "Daff'd the world aside, "and bid it pass," to be choak'd with the feeds of every baser plant! It is not well—By the fat Friar's scalp of merry Sherwood, it is not well.

Thy grandam, Master Quickly, was a Wight, in whom the culinary attainments of man delighted to reside. She mingled nectareous sack—Thou art more—Thou art a pious householder.—In the twelfth hour of the night, when thy cattle, and the stranger, and the ass, and all that is within thy gate, are assembled to offer up their orisons, call thou aloud upon the indignant manes of the departed Knight—confess thy degeneracy—promise purgation of his polluted haunts, and if so his shade will be pacified, that the merry Sackbut shall supercede
the

the clanking of pewter, throughout the Boar.—At such an hour, if there be any convexity in thy roofs, expect thou a solemn answer.

I have yet a point to settle, and then I leave thee to the bustle of thy domiciliary regeneration.—Thou hast misused me damnably, Master Quickly.—Not Zeno with all his Stoics about him—not Job with all his oxen about him, would bear my wrongs patiently. Had I blasted the Boar's good name, had I libidinously approach'd mine hostess, and wound a recheat on thy brow, thou hadst some shadow of reason; but to maltreat a kind, philanthropick, well-disposed Gentleman, disinterestedly coming forward for the amusement of the whole world, all his own concerns stagnant! oh! 'tis very foul and unmannered.—I desire thou wilt

wilt go to Mr. Robinson's, and take six copies of this my publication, paying the full price for each, individually.

Thou seest, I am incontinently prone to lenity, even to the very detriment of my fortunes.—Canst thou imagine, that any other writer of my merits, elaborate, cogitabund, fanciful in the garnishment of a quaint conceit, and reeking with my disappointments, would be pacified with so trivial a concession? I look'd to have seen a smug proper Gentleman step from his chair in the Pomegranate, and vote each member a set of the Knight's adventures.—I look'd I should have received ten pounds; and, by the Martyrdom of holy Polycarp, thou hast no more Club, than is compounded of labouring smiths, circumcis'd Anglo-Hebrews,

brews, and revolted apprentices; such a farrago of unhous'd Arabs, as Lazarus himself would have scorn'd comfortance with.—Oh! thou hast much misus'd me —— a' God's name, let the stable be cleansed—to work with Herculean brawn! To work! to work! to work!

—There is a certain description of writers, whose great volubility of genius cannot stop calmly and soberly to look behind ever and anon, and gather up the errors and absurdities of a warm imagination.—No — 'tis too mechanical for your picked man of genius.—He blindly pushes forward for the goal, nor ever even steps aside, unless indeed, Atalanta-like, to catch at a Golden Apple. Cervantes seems to have been of this class; or he would certainly have never thought of mounting
ing

ing Dapple on Panza, (I beg Sancho's pardon, I mean) Panza on Dapple, when the rogue Gynes was at the same time bestride him a dozen miles distant.

I thank Nature (I think it a blessing) for having cast me in a more phlegmatic mould. — Reader, the Preface is but short—look back—If thou hast caught me tripping, if I am in ought accountable to thee, I promise to explain or rectify in my next edition.

ERRATUM.

Page 90, line 15. *for Grandam read Grandfire.*

17 JY 60

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

*FALSTAFF TO PRINCE HENRY.

HERE, young Gentlemen, go you to the Prince. Robert Shallow, esq; hath sent thee a haunch of Gloucestershire venison, Hal; with a good commodity of pippins, carraways, commendations, and remembrances. Ha! ha! ha! I tell thee what, Hal, thou art most damnably down in the withers; thou art, as it were, a Prince without weight.—An I don't plump thee

* The correspondence appears to have commenced while Sir John stopped at Shallow's seat in Gloucestershire to pick up recruits in his way to York.—Vide the second part of King Henry the Fourth—3d Act.

out like a Christmas turkey, then am I a
rogue.

Oh! I am sitting in a nest of the most unfledg'd Cuckows that ever brooded under the wing of Hawk. Thou must know, Hal, I had note of a good hale Recruit or two in this neighbourhood. In other shape came I not; look to it, Master Shallow, that in other shape I depart not.—But I know thou art ever all desire to be admitted a Fellow-Commoner in a jest. Robert Shallow, esq; judgeth the hamlet of COTSWOLD. Doth not the name of Judge horribly chill thee?

With Aaron's rod in his hand, he hath the white beard of Moses on his chin. In good-sooth his perpetual countenance is not unlike what thou wouldst conceit of the momentary one of the lunatic Jew, when he tumbled God's Tables from the Mount.

He hath a quick busy gait, and a huge Soldier-like beaver, surmounted with a Cockade. The valorous Justice, at the head of
some

some dozen or two Domesticks and others, once apprehended a brace of deserters; and ever since doth he assume this badge—Ha! ha! ha!

More of this upright Judge (perpendicular as a Pikeman's weapon, Hal,) anon.

I would dispatch with these Bardolph; but the knave's Hands—(I cry thee mercy) his *Mouth* is full, in preventing desertion among my Recruits. An every Liver among them han't stood me in 3 and 40 shilling, then am I a naughty Escheator.—I tell thee what, Hal, I'd fight against my conscience for never a prince in Christendom but thee.—Oh! this is a most damnable cause, and the rogues know it—they'll drink nothing but sack of three and two-pence a gallon, and I enlist me none but tall puissant* Fellows that would quaff me up Fleet-ditch, were it

* It is needless to observe, that Mouldy, Bullcalf, Wart, Feeble, and Shadow, must have formed the able recruits Sir John here alludes to.

filled with sack—pick'd men, Hal—such as will shake my lord of York's mitre. I pray thee, sweet Lad, make speed—thou shalt see glorious deeds!

JOHN FALSTAFF.

FALSTAFF TO THE PRINCE.

HA! ha! ha! support me, Hal! support me!—An I don't quake more than when the lunatick sheriff would ha' carted me for Newgate, there's nought goodly in a cup of sack.—Oh! I am damnably provided here—Let me pawn as many points in my wind, as dame Prodigal's whelp Necessity hath impress'd of my chattels for centinel-service in Mistress Ursula's shop, and never a stitch on 'em would that Bardolph redeem. I might overwhelm myself, and rot on the ground.—An there was not a little smack of kind-heartedness in sugar-candy, God help old Jack! he might lie in the glebe for brawn-feed.—Here is master Robert Shallow,

low, with his rod of justice hath done what Sir Colevile, or the Scotchman Douglas, aye, or young Harry himself, would have given his ears to atchieve—he hath put me down, Hal. I would to God Cotswold were in Spain, for there the gentlemen do never laugh—By the Lord, this uncomb'd hemp-stalk doth breed more convulsive propensities in man, than is in a whole fry of stricken Finsmen*; and yet is it all unwittingly;—though his countenance be as sharp as the tweak of a bully, his wit is as benumbing too. Here hath been a whore-son murderer brought before him; the Elder would enforce my assistance—ha! ha! ha!—mine, Hal! who was never seated on bench, except indeed at mine hostess's, in the way of unbuttoning to my vespers after dinner;——and I would to God every geminy of Nuns in his Majesty's dominions had my dispossession of the frail creature in

* Sir John's conceit is here rather obscure.—I submit, but with great deference, whether he does not allude to the sensitive nature of the *Torpedo*, which is immediately convulsed on being touched.

their worship—they'd not want for miracle-working I can assure 'em.—Well, Hal, when I look'd the rogue should be committed for trial, lo! Robert commanded he should be immediately hung up by the gills! 'Twas not that Robert was unjust or cruel—no.—Robert quak'd at the ferocious frowns on the rogue's brow.—There was a jail at hand;—the rogue was gyv'd—and yet Robert quak'd—ha! ha! ha! Master Silence the Law-giver too favoured shrewdly of dismay—he thought the man might in conscience be hung—Davy might help his good Coz.—he'd take it upon his word Cotswold records had it in point—ha! ha! ha! Thou knowest, Hal, it was not for me to crop the green ears of a goodly joke-harvest—I am no April scythesman—with the alacrity of a shrewd leaser, I gathered up the errant Gybelings of my brow, and commended their Worships' quick administration of justice.—An if the knave had swung, what the goodger!—'Stead of county yeomen on a base bench, he had his jury of kites and daws to sit on him, under the
sweet

sweet canopy of the skies.—But Davy, Davy, Davy, dole'd him a longer life.—This many-specied subaltern of master Shallow's, being advised of the matter, quickly halted in under the yoke of a villainous tub of Jew's-bane, a pannier of newly-stucken hog's-blood, or I'm the impotentest varlet that ever tilted at lip.—Wouldst thou believe it, Hal? Barabbas was instantly commanded to prison—Davy, and his crimson fry, to Shallow were of more import than the chariest Bona-roba in all East-cheap to thee, thou naughty hip-o'-the-hawthorn lover.—Oh! thou would'st have distill'd most damnably, to hear the shrill judge and his man, like Judas and the High-priest, pass busy question and answer upon the price of blood!—Davy had transported the reeking mafs to Robin Pluck's coiner of puddings—Robin admitted the complexion of the commodity—'twas excellent—but Robin thought half a noble a long shot—ha! ha! ha! Master Pluck, let me counsel thee—An the wrath of Robert Shallow esq; be not a commodity of July

weather, master Pluck, look to thyself—thou wilt be most damnably amerc'd, master Pluck, thou wilt be as bare as a drawn goose, an thou dost not smooth thy ruffled feathers, and compound, master Pluck, thou wilt be doubly amerc'd—Robert Shallow, esquire, hath said it—ha! ha! ha!

I pray God, Bardolph be not whipt for a whoreson knave—He hath dispatched a coop of trodden pullet for Eastcheap—rare living, Hal! rare sperm for Sherris! but the rogue hath not advised master Shallow of their march, and Robert hath a most damnable yearning bowel toward his company.—We must be chary of their blood, Hal—Do not thou lead them into action ere I do come.—A plague upon all hurry, say I.—An it had not been for the overweening Hotbloods at York, who did madly join battle ere valour could arrive to shew itself, I should have been made a Duke, and now must I tarry till thou art King. Well, I shall look to be accoutred forth to my dignities, I can assure thee—

Some

Some bright emblem to outshine Courtierhood—a pretty slight model of dame Venus in her evening orbit, or the puissant Mars in the instant of tilting.—No little mad-cap shooting star to twinkle in my portly firmament!

Here is mistress Quickly, mine hostess, doth indite to me for monies.—I am not a walking exchequer—She cannot draw upon my ribs. I would, my sweet Hal, thou'dst send her to one Harry Monmouth, a sprightly mad wag of some six foot high, who doth much resort unto the Boar tavern.—He is much my debtor.

JOHN FALSTAFF.

FALSTAFF TO THE PRINCE.

I PR'YTHEE, Hal, lend me thy 'kerchief.—An thy unkindness ha'nt started more salt gout down my poor old cheek, than my good rapier hath of blood from foemen's

gashes in 5 and 30 year's service, then am I a very senseless mummy.

I squander away in drinkings monies belonging to the soldiery! I do deny it—they have had part—the surplus is gone in charity—accuse the parish-officers—make them restore—the whoreson wardens do now put on the cloaca of supplication at the church doors, intercepting gentlemen for charity, forsooth!—'Tis a robbery, a villainous robbery! to come upon a gentleman reeking with piety, God's book in his hand, brim-full of the sacrament! Thou knowest, Hal, as I am but man, I dare in some sort leer at the plate and pafs, but as I have the body and blood of Christ within me, could I do it? An I did not make an oblation of a matter of ten pound after the battle of Shrewsbury, in humble gratitude for thy safety, Hal, then am I the veriest transgressor denounced in God's code.—But I'll see them damn'd ere I'll be charitable again. Let 'em coin the plate—let them coin the holy chalice.

To

To say that I have not naturalised master Silence, that I stand not on the debtor side of accounts with him, would be horribly forgetful and incorrect—to say that he shall see my coinage in the way of honourable reimbursement, gentleman-like repayment, would savour much of honesty, 'tis true, but more (I confess it, I confess it, Hal) of leasing.

To say that I feel not a kind of tendre for master Robert Shallow, while he hath sack, beeves, with emanating bowels towards old sir John, would bespeak me the Infidel, the Jew—but to confess (saving a certain respect due to the asseveration of my sweet Hal) that I love the man Shallow, or the man Silence, in other shape or degree than as the leech loveth the temple, much less that I have squandered monies on these raw bare-brain'd Yonkers, fit only to be worn on Bankrupt days by Uncertificated Wits—to confess that I have familiarised my person to their companies, to the detriment of thy father's affairs, setting the seemliness of

gentlemanhood aside, would be lying in my throat through the false passage of my mouth, would render the base pander my tongue worthy the center of a pewter-dish, to be crimp'd with capon, and engulph'd for a disobedient Jonas.

For thy father's sickness, I am not Esculapius, or I would prune and restore the old oak—but it hath shed it's acorns, and now comes winter—Is not the progression natural?

No more of the departed monies, Hal, an thou lovest me.—Would'st thou rake up the ashes of the dead?—Nay, an if that's thy humour, then must Pluto become a child of fight.

JOHN FALSTAFF.

THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER TO HIS
HIGHNESS OF WALES.

IF to do away insinuations of disaffection be as acceptable to a magnanimous prince, as it is indispensable to the subtle honour of a representative of Christ Jesus, I shall feel the less compunction in turning for a moment the current of your Highness's weighty thoughts; but they are already here; they must flow, my lord, with the channelled blood of the thousands of unabsolved souls lately sacrificed at the shrine of the Arch-deceiver Rebellion.

Among the many Lords, Knights, and Esquires, resorting to Shrewsbury to render Oblations for the issue of this eventful contest, was the knight sir John Falstaff.— This layman, who accuseth me to your highness of disaffection, hath sullied his name in arms by defiling the sacred temple of his God. He is excommunicate; nor can aught, save the Toe of the Almighty's
vice-

vicegerent, save him from everlasting perdition. My lord, while other barons and knights, his majesty's liege-subjects, were making rich oblations and endowments for the maimed soldiery, while the priesthood chaunted forth the excellencies of charity, and the offertory laboured with costly gifts, the solemnities were suddenly arrested by the clamours of sir John Falstaff, and a crew of disorderly retainers, for bread and wine. The functionaries of the Highest were blasphemously attacked with gross speech and uncouth phrase*, and the sacred wine riotously and tumultuously ravished from their hands. Menaces of your highness's displeasure were muted from his unclean lips, and the vassals of the holy Virgin excited to irreverend demeanour by gesticulations more seemly to the spontaneous foil of youth, than the furrowed glebb of age. They were recreantly expelled, and solemn Excommunication pronounced against this impious man, who had profanely tendered

* I fear ancient Pistol was in this coil.

a copper groat as an oblation, and libidiously drank with carnal appetite the blood of his Redeemer. If here, my lord, be room for treason, if the anathema of the church weigh too heavily with this contempt of its jurisdiction, I am content that imputed disaffection to my liege fill up the balance.

There is another matter, my lord.—Sir John, as I am well advised, is no purlieman. By the statute of his deceased majesty, none is to hunt unpossessed of certain hereditary lands. This knight hath not the substance of a pace ; yet under the cloak of your Highness' sacred name, his hounds unleashed by swain-motes, are loosed to every demesne. His soldiers, the curbing yoke of discipline slipped from their franchised necks, yerk at the imprescript, but sacred laws of society, and bleed the unredressed peasantry ;—nay, himself standeth not unaccused of certain enormities. In the ejectionment of this unworthy man, the sacred service of the altar was violated. God forbid

bid that suspicion should undeservedly call down a two-fold infamy, and blend sacrilege with impiety; but the very precisian, my lord, hath here scope for liberal conjecture:—the silver candlesticks dedicated to the service of the holy Virgin, were stolen. True—the unhallowed theft may be ascribed to other than the knight or his retainers, for the tainted wether doth infect the whole flock: but, my lord, when Judas betrayed his master, the tumult of his followers was but a cloak for the—*All hail!*

Your Highness' liege-subject,

WORCESTER.

THE PRINCE TO FALSTAFF.

AND so, Jack, thou didst piously offer up ten pound in humble gratitude for my safety—ha! ha! ha!—Here is Ned Poins doth protest 'twas much more—In good truth, Percy was a lusty warrior.—How long didst lay,

lay, Jack? Fifteen minutes, as thou say'st, by Shrewsbury clock. By the mass, a very miser!—Thou should'st have sacrificed fifty times ten pound, and covered a score rood with thy fat Offerings. Had Hotspur been the minion of the God, farewell Jack! he had certainly mistaken thee for my grease-pot, yea, dipped his sword in thy ribs, and sounded a retreat.

I pr'ythee hast ever beheld Satan, where the Apostle hath placed him a tip-toe on the pinnacle of the Temple? Not in Judea, Jack. Thou may'st view him, sans optick, at thy own Jerusalem, Eastcheap, on mine hostess's tapestry.—What say'st thou to a likeness of him, with me at thy side for a Saviour? Not the hoary Roman, whom the Gaul caught by the chin, could shew more ample reverence of beard than doth the tempter (meaning thee), or more meekness of carriage (that's myself, Jack), than the tempted.

My

My lord of Worcester, methinks, hath most excellent characters.—See here his letter.—By Harry Percy dead, but he should be a pope.—Why he would rate rebellion, that not a Scot would dare to call us Bolingbrokes*, for very dread of his anathema. Canst thou not help him to the triple crown, Jack; thou, and Bardolph, and Pistol?—A copper groat, marry, and a pair of silver candlesticks, to bribe my lord's Cardinals—ha! ha! ha!—Well, Jack, thou art excommunicate; and whether the bosom of the church ever receives thee again, no matter—There's nobody, I believe, cares less than thyself. For his holiness' toe—I pr'ythee hast good pig's trotters with thy Shallow law-giver?—Which had'st rather muzzle?—The bare-foot is a pleasant pilgrimage to Rome.

Ned Poins doth insist thou art nine pounds nineteen shillings eight-pence my debtor—

* Probably the contemptuous manner in which the opposite party spoke of the house of Lancaster.

Why,

Why, thou vaunting Pharisee, what is become of thy ten pound oblation? I tell thee what, Jack,—Here is my father much sick—I may be a king, heaven knows how soon, perchance to-night—If ever thou dost cloak excess beneath the name of Harry the Fifth—if ever receive bribes to conceal rebels, (and this thou knowest I am well advised of) thy look'd-for exaltation shall be on the gallows of Haman*.

Farewell!

FALSTAFF TO THE PRINCE.

HA! ha! ha! And dost thou think I would not offer up ten pound for thee? Yea, a hundred—more——But take heed of displeasing in thy sacrifice. Cain did bring a kid, yea, a firstling upon the altar,

* Poor sir John's views were rather confined; only *fifty foot* to look forward to for preferment.

and

and the blaze ascended not. Abel did gather simple herbs, penny-royal, Hal, and mustard, a four-penny matter, and the odour was grateful.—I had ten pound for the holy offertory—mine ancient Pistol doth know it—but the angel did arrest my hand. Could I go beyond the word?—The angel which did stretch forth his finger, lest the good patriarch slay his son.

That Ned Poins hath more colours than a jay, more abuse than a taught pie, and for wit—the cuckow's dam may be Fool of the Court to him. I lie down at Shrewsbury out of base fear! I melt into roods, and acres, and poles! I tell thee what, Hal, there's not a subject in the land hath half my temperance of valour.—Did I not see thee combating the man-queller, Hotspur; yea, in peril of subduement? Was it for me to lose my sweet Hal without a thrust, having my rapier, my habergeon, my good self about me? I did lie down in the hope of sherking him in the rib—Four drummers and a fifer did help me to the ground.

ground.—Didst thou not mark how I did leer upon thee from beneath my buckler? That Pains hath more scurrility than is in a whole flock of disquieted geese.

For the rebels I did conceal, thou should'st give me laud.—I did think thou wert already encompassed with more enemies than the resources of man could prevent overwhelming thee; yea, that thou wert the dove on the waters of Ararat, and didst lack resting-place. Was it for me to heap to thy manifold disquiets? Was it for me to fret thee with the advice of more enemies than thou didst already know of? I could not take their lives, and therefore did I take their monies.—I did fine them, lest they should 'scape, Hal, thou dost understand me, without chastisement;—yea, I fined them for a punishment. They did make oath on the point of my sword to be true men—An the rogues foreswore themselves, and joined the Welchman, let them look to it—'tis no 'peachment of my virtue.

Thou

Thou didst conceit me a cherisher of rebellion—I must hang, forsooth, upon conception!—Fie, Hal, Fie! Didst thou ever know mother to wean upon *conception*?—Fie!

Mine host Shallow doth greet thee well; he doth protest “thou art a good back-swordsmen, or the young earl’s degree would never have been lowered;—the Northumbrians were ever good at fence.”

He doth remember the old duke at tournament, Hal.—Ha! ha! ha!

I do purpose entertaining the Justice at Eastcheap—a rare guest, Hal,—Justice at mistress Quickly’s; but therefore the more welcome.—Oh! he will give thee the dry laugh till thou art as much disjointed, yea, as the gates of Gaza.—He will be a very Sampson unto thee—He will pluck thee down.

I come,

I come, master Shallow, I come.—I am bidden to supper, Hal.—Let me hear of thee, but a' God's name no more acrimony, an thou lovest

JACK FALSTAFF.

JUSTICE SHALLOW TO DAVY.

How do affairs go? How do things go on, Davy? Are the sheep-stealers taken? Marry, bid Robin Bratton look to the deer, and let there be a fall among the Pollards that look to the Cleys.—We must have a good prospect, Davy.—We don't look far enough—A lord should look far—I must have a pedigree conceived—Pelt, the tanner, must get some skins ready, a large skin or two—a new lord hath always a new pedigree.—Bid William take the streaked ram from the ewes, and let the 14 acre headland be thrown into the park—marry, for the red wheat—it must not appear.—A sad loss, Davy, but the rutting must have scope.

—We

—We must enlarge the deer-feld—sir John loves venison.

I hope, Davy, you comport yourself as becomes the representative of one of the Quorum. I would be understood, that you keep up your dignity, and carry your body discreetly, and soberly, and sedately, and not prabble and drink at common houses.—You are too much given to it, Davy.

It may please his sacred majesty, that I yield up his gracious commission—I say, Davy, 'tis a thing that is possible; and I could desire and wish, that my cousin Silence should have a doughty helpmate, one who knows the laws of the land, and could enforce his Majesty's most gracious briefs and ordinances.—Your understanding is good, Davy, and you have an indifferent knowledge in the statutes.—I could wish to see you in better provision; but indeed you do not comport yourself with that clean decency I could desire.—Whenever it pleaseth his most gracious majesty to call for my help

help and assistance at the Quorum, I ordinarily dine on slender pottage—you know it, Davy.—It preserves me clear and comprehensible; and, o'my conscience, you consume and devour leeks, and cheese, and fat bacon, in lieu of your morning hymns and prayers, and rust at the mouth and elsewhere, and belch, o'my conscience, as loud as any Caliver, to the great detriment of every thing seemly, and in defiance of good rule in society. You must correct yourself, Davy—you must correct yourself—It is a difficult point in rooting up ancient habits and customs, but it would not be kindly and good to make you suddenly great with all your stains and blotches upon you.—No—'tis meet we first grub up and eradicate the weeds, Davy;—and then the soil, if indeed it be not too arid, will kindly receive the germen, the seed, Davy, of any thing good and palatable.

Take my three-cornered beaver, in which I beheld his last most gracious Majesty crowned, and see if you can begin to look a

C

a little

a little creditable. Marry, are the Little Johns ploughed, and in proper and soft state for sowing?—See that it be done, Davy —'tis more than time it were done.—Look to it, Davy.

Bless my heart and soul!—'twere simply a sufficiency to flay any beast of burthen.—A matter of six score miles in half a score hours!—'Tis four leagues by the fixty minutes!—Measure it by ten, Davy, and it amounts to a point.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
* LORD SHALLOW.

Davy to Ditto.

I wish your good Worship many blessings.—Marry, I humbly thank your worship for the precepts, and will, with our holy Mary's help, comport myself as your

* Davy, I suppose, anticipated the honours of his master.

Worship

Worship was wont, and speak as much as any he at the Quorum.

* Clement Perkes, your Worship, was seen in the park yesternight, when the cattle was going twelve.—I humbly think he was knocking your Worship's deer in the head, and had him secured and put in the stocks, for the terror of all attempters.—He's a great knave, your Worship; and I humbly think, with your Worship's leave, of giving him a good whipping.—I'm sure if he was not after the deer, he wanted to kill the old ram; for h'as got, marry ever since he's been in the stocks, h'as got, as your Worship was wont to say, a sheep-biting face.

What your Worship says of the weeds is very just.—I humbly thank your Worship for the beaver.—I humbly suppose, your Worship, it was fellow-mate to the sun.

* Davy could never away with this Clement Perkes. Vide Henry the IVth.—1st Scene of the 5th Act.

coloured doublet your Worship was wont to look so well in at the Quorum; tho' it sits more rinkled upon your Worship now than it did formerly; your Worship's belly grows thinner and genteeler.—Your Worship would not think how it sits upon me—its close as any mail.—I've clean left off ruckting, your Worship.

That Clement Perkes has spoken flat burglary of your Worship.—A' says I'm a dog.—Your Worship was wont to say to a faucy malefactor, that his Majesty was in you, and you in his Majesty—good.—And a'nt I in your Worship, and your Worship in me? A' says I'm a dog!—I'll have him laid fast, till your Worship shall come to give directions at the Quorum, whether he shall be hang'd or transported.

Would it please your Worship to give directions about the ringers?—Ah! your worship, they did so do it!—they drank a whole hoghead of your Worship's ale.—William Vifor has been of the peal two and thirty years

years come Lammas, and I humbly beseech your Worship he may have a crown above the rest.

The headland fences are all down, and the hens are very busy at getting your Worship's crop in.—Fourteen acre of seedland's a great matter; but your Worship's pullets will thrive against the large Knight shall accompany your Worship to town.—A' loves capon.—Did your Worship mark how a' took all the wings and thighs 'twixt his finger and thumb, and put 'em in his great belly, an they had been so many plumbs?

Marry, your Worship, Robin has shot two deer for the pedigrees; as your Worship was pleased to call 'em.—Master Pelt has got the skins—Marry, will your Worship say, whether they are to be tanned like your Worship's buckler, or how?—I humbly wait your Worship's directions in this point.

ANTIEN T PISTOL TO SIR JOHN.

Dated, it seems, from Windsor.

SIR Knight, lament—be tristful—rue—
for Bawcockhood is dead, extinct—the maw
of Majesty hath it engulph'd—King-
hood's a thing of nought, a 'scutcheon
damn'd, of blazonry most base.—I hold it
to my lip, and from my portly lungs call up
Sir Æolus to bid the Lazar scoul. The
King his memories hath grasped by the heel,
and dipp'd in Lethe—Or he is mad be-
come; the Cur hath bit him—he doth the
thing eschew, that senses most did love.

Thy letter, Knight, in spite of yeomen
and base hounds of Hesperus, which did
him circumvent, I did deliver to the quon-
dam Hal. “The man of mickle span
“unto his lovely bully”—Thus Antient
Pistol—whereon the Fry of Majesty,
Herodian worms and insects damn'd also,
which Lucifer doth hatch upon his morn-
ing

ing crown, did mow and chatter like to apes of Ind'. Shall Pistol shoulder'd be, and shall he recreant flee before the elbow of base sycophant, and shall good phrase be bastardis'd? I will revenges have, by Rowen' and her Chalice—I will arouse and woo the Fates, the sisters three—Concubinage is good—and they shall brooding on my pillow lay in consult deep, how flint and steel a spark may strike to blow up pandourship most base—My heart's a heart of flint—My forefoot eke's most subtil—Why then let fellowship ensue, let heart and hand combine, and let the web be spun—Ulysses baffle all!

Sir John, thy Pistol and thy Legate hath been greeted foul—Not Bardolph, filching Wight, that pluck'd the star to deck his nose, when blanketed unto the Welkin's height for chewing Baker's Roll, where Baker's Roll should not be chewn—Not Nym, whose humour was in pillory to stand ycover'd o'er with gold most potable for Yonker's silver whistle stol'n,—did feel

reaction's force like Pistol. Shall goodly phrase be yclept uncouth, and shall it banded be like base Æolian bladder? Why then come Rowen's Chalice — though bitter be the draught, I will avenge or die.

Thine ANTIENT PISTOL,

FALSTAFF TO ANTIENT PISTOL.

My good Antient, I do condole with thee.—The King hath no more respect unto an embassy, than the fox hath unto the sex of the goose.—I am in myself greater than a Prince, yea, in my personal right; and he doth make me out of myself less than a peasant, marry, to my personal wrong. There be more Deys in the court, than there be seconds in the day—I should have displayed my presents, and then would'st thou have had present audience.—That Hal is become a very Ottoman—but be not thou discomfited—We must rally, we must

must rally, lads——We have been twice trodden down in open attack, and now to the sap-work.——The King doth love venison——We will to Master Shallow's in Gloucestershire—he hath a deep Deer-feld——'tis a county of a clamorous rut——We did borrow his monies by day; but we must make bold with his bucks by night——They have horns, good mine Antient, they have horns——'tis dangerous to meddle with Cuckoldom by day.

I grieve thou wert so forely dealt with at the Court——I have salves for a bruise, an thou dost need them—salves, which I did apply to mine own discolourments.——Thou knowest I was trodden down like sugars for an export——yea, I was made a convenience——I was shap'd into a Promontory, which spectators of a subaltern height did flock to for a sight of passing Majesty—they did ascend and course o'er my belly like pismires, ants on a mole-hill, save that the compression was greater.——But 'twas

ever the nature of Man to trample on fallen greatness—'tis no marvel.

Let Nym be advised of our expedition—Corporal Bardolph and myself will speedily quit Eastcheap, and rendezvous on the outskirts of Windsor—We will line our shambles with venison, and then, my lads, to Windsor again—Hal shall yet be our own.

JOHN FALSTAFF;

CORPORAL NYM TO SIR JOHN.

I WILL no more with Pistol rob—I do revolt—My fist is struck, and that's the humour on't—his phrases are known on the road. Venison hath mickle sweets—and sweets are luscious things, and luscious things do fit the maw of Nym; but thieves do hang, and their accomplices; and Nym
would

would hang alone——Doth the humour pass? The Antient is abstruse—he robs not at a word—Travellers ken not his phrase, and parley is not good on the road; and that's the humour on't.——I do revolt, but mutiny is quell'd with grants; let Pistol utter couthly, and then come fellowship again——When speech will not bewray, then Gloucestershire's the word——But, *pauca*, Nym's a man of few——Sir John, I touch my brow——my fist is flat.

Nym.

FALSTAFF TO ANTIENT PISTOL.

WHAT at spurs, good mine Antient? and an adventure afoot too! By my troth, I'll no cock-fighting—Pullets, pullets, are your only encounter. We that do assail are cannibals, indeed; but Mistress Partlet is frequent in her travail, and so society shall not lack sperm.

C 6

I pr'y-

I pr'ythee let Corporal Nym have his humour: thou art a shrewd linguist—thou hast ever a throng of goodly quips and conceits; yea, more at thy tongue's beck, than he that doth refine from his brain with the help of the Still, Time: but they are crude, they are crude, mine Antient—they do lack drossing—they are like to an unwrought commodity, which the handicraftsman cannot utter, until it is shap'd to the purposes of the consumer.

Here is Bardolph doth protest, 'twas thou who did'st flight him from foot to foot throughout the croud at the Installation: thou had'st robbed with him in the purlieus of the town, and the knaves did recognise thy quaintness of phrase; thy Shibboleth, Antient, thy Shibboleth.—Oh! 'tis most damn'd to be mark'd like a tupp'd ewe.—A slenderness of heel was indeed friendly to thy own retreat; but the Corporal, Heaven protect his parts! was compell'd to borrow expedition, marry, without pledge,
and

and retire into himself like a hedgehog, that so he might travel with the better ease on the toes of the town—Ha! ha! ha! O my conscience, I marvel he blaz'd not like the Phoenix—he had fire and faggot on his side—his nose for a kindle, and his carcase for a fuel; and both in close league.

I entreat thee, mine Antient, to lay aside, yea, altogether reform these fierce fallies of thy tongue, and rob as a Gentleman should do; by the mass, thou wilt hang us all—thou wilt do it, mine Antient, thou wilt do it. Rememberest thou not, how the lunatick Bishop did rate me to the Prince? An he had ever taken my good name in vain, but for thy incontinent flow of gall, then am I the grossest thief afoot.—Marry, I am not the most spare, for indeed I do empty me all purses, yea be their bottoms as deep as Hell; but I do mean in my person, my reins, where there is less specifick fat than is requisite to the peopling of a dozen wicks—Sack, spirit of burnt sack,

sack, doth make the belly gasconade and
swell.

I did purpose being at the rendezvous ere
now; but I must tarry here a season longer;
do not thou and Nym break out again—I
pr'ythee yield to him, mine Antient—It
were a foul thing we should sledge, and
upon 'peachment too!

Farewell!

ANTIENT PISTOL TO SIR JOHN.

SHALL paucity of phrase and impotence
also,
Curb Manhood with the rein?
And shall it chew the bit?
Shall Mutes and Asian dogs controul the
tongue;
And shall not Man speak free?
Why then Avernus rear!

Then

Then Rhadamanth' his yawning floodgates

ope,

And *Rowen' brim her Chalice!

Why then let icy death seize all,

Yea, upward from the foot unto the lungs,

And then the heart, perdy!

The Nym's a pauper vile—I do retort—
he hath not utterance to woo his dog to bite
at badger—I do retort—his rest is eadem,
the *semper* eadem—he cannot cull—his
senses are most barren—Ah! beeve-
mouth'd bleating Nym! Ah! bull-calf
old! I have and I will hold the pristine
tones of Man——The Nym doth iterate,
doth bay the echo with his “humour on't.”
—And shall he model be? Then Pistol,
bow thy knee no more to Dagon—Sir John,

* The Editor most respectfully appeals to Mr. Malone for the sense of this word so frequently in the Antient's mouth—Having in vain ransacked Chaucer, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Middleton and Rowley, &c. &c. &c. he is at length compelled to print it *literatim* from the MS. for the comments of more learned men than himself.

thy

thy Philistine doth flee—Avaunt the flux of
fellowship, and *solus* be the word!

DEPOSITION TAKEN BEFORE MASTER RO-
BERT SHALLOW, AND MASTER SLEN-
DER, AT WINDSOR.

SHALLOW. I—
Now, good man, what is your business?
what is the matter that you would desire to
disclose?—Marry, I am of the Commis-
sion in the county of Gloucester; but if
you have any thing to depose, that is salu-
tary, and beneficial, and for the welfare
and good of his most gracious Majesty, I
care not:—Robert Shallow, Esquire, will
take cognizance of it, though in the county
of Berks.

Fellow. May it please your Worship,
I se a goatherd; and I se a great matter to
break.—Marry, your Worship, marry,
when his Majesty's life's in danger from a
Caitiff.

Caitiff-monster, an't it the duty of every honest subject to stand up and defend? An't that law? I would know that of your Worship.

Shallow. 'Tis among the Statutes.—'Tis the duty of every tall fellow, or he's liable to be 'peach'd upon the act as an abettor.—Proceed, good man—'tis just, very just—marry, proceed.—Trust me, a comprehensive fellow, Cousin Abram.—Marry, proceed.

Fellow. Being on the return yesternoon to dinner—'twas just about twelve o'clock, for us poor folk, your Worship, are hungry before your great-oneyers—as I was coming home, I say, to dinner, for tho' I am but a simple lodger, mine host Thacker pays Scot and Lot like a good subject.—Does your Worship know him? A' sells trotters and Jews'-harps, opposite Gil. Sneke, the weaver's——

Slender.

Slender. 'Tis a small shot from Ann Page's, Cousin Shallow—Is't not, good youth?

Fellow. No, your Worship—It's hard upon where——

Shallow. Aye, 'tis no matter, 'tis no matter.—Marry, go on—briefly, good man.

Fellow. As I was saying, walking mainly on, thinking, God wot, what a mite a groat and a half a day is for seven souls!—For there's my wife Nel, and Martin, and Nich, and Jerome, and Dorcas, and Ruth—it's a wounded many teeth, and a teaster-worth o' corn will hardly set them all grinding; and your Worship knows, that quinces are very windy and griping to the belly—Body o'me, I thought our Jerome would ha' been scoured——

Shallow. Stand away further, fellow.—By the mass, a foul varlet.—You smell, fellow—get ye gone.

Fellow.

Slender. Truly, Cousin——

Shallow. O'my conscience, 'tis the arrantest——Foh! get ye gone, knave; get ye gone——

Slender. Truly, Cousin, our Gloucestershire quince doth not reek thus——Indeed, la, you do him wrong.——Have you no pippins for your children, good youth? My Cousin could never away with a quince.——Your county hath good pears, too.

Fellow. I han't a single one, your Worship; not an atomy of any thing, only one quince-tree, as lonesomely as any yew.——As I was saying, our Jerome——

Shallow. Tell me not of your Jeromes and your Chrysoftoms——be not so windy——be brief——Marry, to the point——

Fellow. I humbly beseech your Worship's pardon.——As I was saying, walking mainly on——'twas just in the nick, where
our

our Dorcas goes to bleach in Datchet.—
Does your Worship know the place?—
What does I hear, but a great roaring an it
had been any large bull a neighing; not a
herse, your Worship—and the river bulg'd up
and swell'd like any——I humbly beseech
your Worship that our Nel have a pen-
sion——

Shallow. Pension! Why a pension,
marry? 'Ods liggens! Know you what
you ask, knave? Marry, why a pension?

Fellow. Truly, your Worship, 'twould
be very hard that my family should live upon
all quinces for a disease of mine caught in
the King's affairs—Truly, your Worship,
'twould be very hard; for the water roll'd
and wetted me, and I trembled, and trem-
bled——I'm sure, an' please your Worship,
I've an ague.

Shallow. O' my conscience, Cousin
Abram, but the man is a lunatick, or a
mountebank, or something as bad——O'
my

my conscience, I believe a mountebank ; for indeed he moves from place to place, and varies his points very knavishly.— Look you, friend—there is only one alternative shall serve ; marry, chuse ; and do it deliberately, and discreetly, and soberly— Either depose in a respectful manner, marry, without idle prabble about pensions, and quinces, and bulls ; either utter with a proper and decent carriage and demeanour, or else walk sedately out into the court-yard, and pull off your doublet, and your shirt, and your coat.—An a shrewd flogging don't bring him about——

Fellow. Oh! good your Worship, I've almost done——When the water swell'd, and swell'd, I perceived about a hundred paces a-head, a large creature rise up, mainly big, your Worship, about the belly, and it came slowly to the bank, an if it would land ; and just then it roll'd over, and over, and over, of all the world like a huge tub, and then it so beat about and
roar'd

roar'd in the throttle!—An your Worship will give me leave, I'll try to——

Shallow. Marry, go on—proceed circumstantially—go on—what saw you more?—Depose briefly.

Fellow. When a' had floundered, and flounc'd about some five minutes under water, a' got on the land, and stood on it's legs, and drew a great dagger and lifted in the air, and so shook it's weapon at the Castle, and roar'd! Good, your Worship, I'm certain it hath a foul design against the King's life—that I'll be sworn of upon the book.

Slender. I protest, Cousin, the——

Shallow. In the name of his Majesty's sacred person, I command and bind you to answer all interrogatories afore the Council—Here is a great conspiracy come to light.

Slender.

Slender. Truly, Cousin, I——

Shallow. Marry, it had the gait of a warrior—I would mean, it shewed a tall personable figure, did it not? Betook it to the water again? And for it's complexion—marry, you observ'd it's countenance?

Fellow. An your Worship means the hue of it's skin, truly it had a doublet and hose on:—but the face was all the world of a colour with the bubucle at the left of your Worship's nose.

Slender. By yea and no, Coz——

Shallow. 'Tis the Welchman * Glendower, by my hopes of salvation through the

* Shrewdly conceived, and profoundly, by Master Robert Shallow. For a man, of whom Holingshed and other writers relate such wonders, to travel a score or two leagues Fish-fashion, were the most easy and consistent thing in the world. Take water at
Radnor,

the pious and holy Virgin Mary!—The Privy Council must know it.—Here is a great Conspiracy—I'll to the Council.

Fellow. Marry, your Worship, sure a' was not a Salamander!—The water smoak'd and smoak'd, that, body o' me! you might ha' poach'd an egg!

Shallow. 'Tis Owen the Welchman, a very doughty Rebel—Fellow, be in readiness—You must depose at the Council—By the Mass, a great Traitor.—Be at hand.

Fellow. I humbly beseech your Worship, that our Nel —

Shallow. Aye, aye—be in readiness—She shall be look'd to.

Radnor, pass Brecknock and Monmouthshires, land and cut across the country; wet his fins again at Cirencester, by Oxford, Wallingford, &c. &c. bait at Marlow, and thus to Datchet.

ANTIENT PISTOL AND CORPORAL NYM
TO SIR JOHN.

PISTOL, lament—Sir Nym, the Willow
be,
And hang o'er Datchet's fide;
For chivalry is in, and unto Charon damn'd
Must, crouching, tender coin.
Pistol hath wrongs; but Pistol eke hath
pouch.
Sir Nym hath humours borne; but Nym
will pocket too.
Why then cast Rancour forth, yea into utter
night,
And let it gnash the tooth.
Sir John, arise—thy knighthood is de-
fam'd—
At thee the Shallow afs and Slender foal do
bray.
Thou art the mark of Archery become
To Council wags—Oh! damned Glou-
cester beasts,
That will not wince, when hinds do ride
and spur!

D

We

We do inclose what goatherd hath depos'd.
 The quip's afoot, and quips do amble fast.
 Arise, Sir Knight, or Pæans will ensue;
 Yea, from the mouth of ballad-teeming
 harridans.

Pistol* hath wrongs; but he doth caution
 thee,

The River and the Ford also to flee.
 Nym will have right ere he doth say, *avoid*—
 But Scylla's deep, and that's the humour
 on't.

ANTIEN PISTOL.

CORPORAL NYM.

MRS. FORD TO SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

AH! dear Sir John! I tremble to think
 what you have suffered.—Tell me, has the

* It should be observed, that Sir John had discarded Nym and Pistol for refusing to become his emissaries in the design on Ford's wife.—See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Scene 3.

wittolly

wittolly wretch discoloured your poor stomach? But, alas! I'm too certain of it—I felt it all, every blow;—no wonder he put you into such a territ and fright—Mercy on me, how shrewdly he handled his weapon!

Well, I always will say the stars were of a mouse-colour when you were born.—Think, if you had been let into the Thames directly upon this exercise——Indeed, la', I won't call it *beating*—all melting with heat—for, indeed, Sir John, I never beheld you run so nimbly—bruis'd, and frightened, as you were! Mercy on me, 'twould have been your death, quite a forfeit!——Yes; your stars are certainly of a mouse-colour;—they are neither black nor white——

Ah! dear Sir John! you little know the ——— but let the end speak.—Well; to think of the tears that your mischances have cost me! Heigho!

Beshrew my weak head, but I dreamt all last night of horns.—Oh! I beheld a great calf fastened to a stake, and he was baited, of all things in the world, by such a sweet portly boar-pig, so plump and so sweet! And he was so gored and tossed as often as ever he came into the ring, (indeed, Sir John, it's ominous—you shan't enter my house again) that it quite sunk my heart within me.—La', and it was so whimsical! for in capered a pretty youngish Gentleman, and he danced and played upon his Kit round and round the Calf, till he stood quite dumfound; and presently there shot out of his head large Horns, and soon they grew larger, and larger, and larger, and spread, and spread, till they looked of all the world like Herne's Oak; and we all danced about him so merry, that it was quite whimsical.—La', Sir John, you shall meet me at the Oak, and we'll have a revel there, and I'll directly send Dr. Caius to cure your poor bruises—I will be humoured in this—a poor weak woman, that hazards her reputation for your sake, and not to be pleased
in

in such a trifle! Indeed, now, I will not be refused.—Dr. Caius shall immediately come to cure your knocks and bruises, and then it will be so pure to dance at midnight round the Oak! La' now, indeed, it will. In this I rest,

Your loving,

ALICE FORD.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF TO MRS. FORD.

I'LL caper — I'll dance with thee.
—Any thing, any thing, my Queen of Sheba, but no Doctor Caius.—Indeed, my hurts are not of that extent—No—I have a surgeon of my own employ too—No, I'll not see him. Can I live to hear it bandied from mouth to mouth, that the Knight Falstaff, he who hath nightly taken his repose under the ach of more soldier-like bruises than the spirit of the holy Stephen fled upon, that *he* hath foregone his days of hardihood, and commenced Glyster

in the hands of a dole-dealing Esculapian?
—Name it not: rather hang me by the gills
on Mistress Keech's stilliards, and mete
me out by halfp'worths to the parish poor.
—No; I'll no Caius. What, I'm to
meet thee at Herne's Oak? — Well,
I'll be a Nimrod—I'll personate any thing
to encounter my fair Camilla; any thing,
save an Eunuch and a Wode-woman.—I
would, Mistress Ford, I might have dealt
him a fillip on the crown.—I have one
bruise larger than a porter's shoulder-knot—
'tis on my cheek, I cannot fit, my nether
cheek; for, indeed, I lack'd the habiliments
of a woman—I was sparsely coated.—
But I had determined to forget this—Yea,
I'll forget it—'tis laudable in Man to be pas-
sive.

Shall I order my horses? 'Twere best
be fleet, should the knave find us again.—
There is a pond at hand, and I would be loth
to reign over a subaltern province: no—an
I am born to be deified, an I must needs be
a God of the Waters, let me be immersed
on

on the point of a Whaler's Harpoon—
Give me to preside in Greenland, my natal
soil.—Ha! ha! ha!

Thou seest, Mistress Ford, I am incontinently given to merriment, in despite of the fiery ordeals my flesh and blood have undergone.—But I love thee, I love thee, and there is much endurance in affection.

Let me have advice of thy appointments with Herne—I will attend thee with the precision of the dial, the dial of the night, which is Mistress Luna, the moon, unto his Oak—

And there we'll wanton caper on the plain,
And weave for Herne a horn to wind again.

Farewell, fair Mistress Ford;—and remember, I'll no Leech Caius applied to me*.

* Dr. Caius had been present at the beheading of Falstaff when disguised as the Maid's Aunt of Brentford.—This accounts for his frequent cautions to Mrs. Ford.—He dreads a discovery.

FALSTAFF TO BROOK.

COULD a gentleman foresee the many crosses, the many mishaps, that await him that simply treadeth within the sphere of a woman's habitation, (I speak not of gross corporeal touch) he would use after-lustration, as liberally as the pallid wretch, who had escaped him from the ravages of a pestilential Calenture.—There is a noisome rankness, to me more hateful than the *Cleymes of unslacken lime, that imperceptibly steals upon the whole man, who holds but even converse with a woman. If the Box of Pandora was other than a combination of villainous qualities in one damn'd housewife, then am I a very box to contain the freedom of every man's reproach in.

* Cleymes were artificial sores raised by the application of unslacked lime on the legs of paupers, &c. for the purpose of exciting compassion in passengers.

I in-

I informed thee, Master Brook, of my skilful advances, of my seeming successes.—I likewise unfolded to thee of my mishaps, of the depth of the Datchet, and other localities.—I blended them, Master Brook, in order to preserve an equilibrium; lest the Avoirdupois of my successes might appear without dross, and so thou be led to build on an uncertain tenure.—I told thee too, how I became proxy for one Mistress Pratt, and in her behoof was compelled to gather up nimbly my chitterlings, my reins, and escape from the discipline of the knave Ford.—Perpend further—my molten frame being a little consolidated, a most soothing letter, tender withal, full of condolences, comes from Mistress Ford.—She assureth me, she felt every blow I received.—Master Brook, believe her not—the force of sympathy is faint, to the force centered in Ford's hand.—She lies in her throat.—The knave laid me out in such natural colours, I have every shade pertaining to the Herald's art in my body.—I cannot extract, or I should make money.—To

love compulsatorily is not in the nature of Man.—I can be beat into a mummy, but not into love; but I'll woo for thee:—Expect her, Master Brook, expect her still.—I shall meet her at Herne's Oak—Call upon me, bring money—thou shalt hear more,

JOHN FALSTAFF.

FALSTAFF TO BROOK.

MASTER Brook, there is a point, which I did in some sort forget to touch upon—I will tell you; but, indeed, Master Brook, 'tis a subtle point, and I must handle it discreetly—for tho' it is not the Needle's point, Master Brook, yet may it goad; yea, and hath variations, and doth lay in a small compass.

I will tell you, Master Brook, and briefly, but you must be secret—I must play the
light

light heel, flit to and fro like a shadow, to swift nimble tunes—Mistress Ford will have it so—I must dance, caper in the air like a tun of Molass'; only my ascension will be heavier, in regard I must rise without a crane, Master Brook.—I did never practise the art as a Yonker, and now must I take to it as an old Man:—but 'tis for your sake, 'tis for your sake, Master Brook.—For mine own part, I had as lief swell out a Weaver's doublet, and compass my belly from the navel round with a dozen wisps of hemp, and manufacture, twist rope by the length.—I am not fashioned for the end of a * pipe—I had as lief, for mine own part, bind myself to the common hangman, Master Brook, and supply the gibbet with ropes, yea, at a foul shirt per felon, Master Brook; for I am not fond of liquoring the ground—I was never a dancer, Master Brook—it is not my art—my soles do somehow cleave to the ground—I could never

* Does Sir John mean as a pea, blown by the breath of school-boy?

weigh them up twain at a caper, save when I did personate Mistress Pratt; for as a witch, Master Brook, I can vault like a roebuck—but then I must step out of myself.—I do remember, the Welch Priest did protest 'twas bread and cheese to him—he might have added butter, Master Brook—I lacked but Mistress Paget's churn to be shaped into pounds.—But I do err from my subject.—In few, Master Brook, Ford's wife will have me dance at the Oak, and you must commend me to a minstrel-sounder—the flitting knave must tutor me, that so I appear not a stranger to the art—I must be conversant—for women, Master Brook, are won by the throng of good parts—the simple display of countenance hath no more purchase, than is in the shell of a boil'd Lobster—I do know it, I do know it, Master Brook.—I must write unto town for apparel; for the Thames hath somehow an antipathy to a good suit—I do smack of the Haddock. Do thou on thy part allow not the furlough to a moment; but haste, Master Brook.

JOHN FALSTAFF.

MISTRESS

MISTRESS QUICKLY TO SIR JOHN

FALSTAFF.

MERCY on me! Fall! I tell you what, Sir John—Dorothy must fall with it—I must have her warn'd to quit, and you must take to her, Sir John, and put some shifts to her back, you must.—An honest trifling gain of five-pence odd in the quart, and to be snatch'd from a poor Widow, as one might say, without an atomy of reason! Sir John, you must take to her—you must spend upon her body—a fine shewy creature, goodfooth, with silk gowns and kirtles for the first Lady in the land, and not a modest change next her skin! Fie, Sir John! you ought to fit her, Sir John.—You know her nakedness—I have bought for her, and bought for her, and she hath pawn'd, and pawn'd, that 'tis quite a shame to think on—and I'm sure the gains of a poor hostess in drinkings won't pay for it. Sir John, I'll tell you what, Sir John—Here's been a great to do in my house, and
all

all about you, Sir John—I shall be ruin'd and fracted—I must break—My Customers tell me you are gone, and I must charge sack a matter cheaper, and there's no scarcity now you are away.—Here's Master Martlet, that you call'd the Eves-dropper, 'cause, goodsooth, he had a bird's name—'twas no longer ago than yesterday—says he, Goodwife Quickly—*Goodwife*, Sir John—for he always names me so, altho' he knew my poor husband that's dead; and I tell him so, and then he says, I am your *Lemon—and, indeed, Sir John, it's true enough; for you have squeez'd me, and squeez'd me, till I have not a bit of sour left—yea, I am too humourfome to you, and you know it.—Well, as I was saying, there was Master Martlet—says he, Goodwife Quickly, who breeds, who lays your eggs? Alice Plenesperm, quoth I, and I take twelve dozen of a week when good Sir John's here, and six dozen when he

* *Lemman*, or Mistress, I rather suppose to have been Master Martlet's meaning.

'journs.

'journs. Then, says he, you must take half the price of sack away too, for the Knight's not here now to make a scarce—And with that, they all in a throng pertested I must 'bate and come down, or my house would not hold it's own—And, indeed, Sir John, it's grown quite a desert—only there are no beasts to be sure.—You are far away, and Bardolph, and Pistol, and there's no sport toward, as there was wont to be, and I'm oblig'd to lower to keep open house.

I beseech you, good Sir John, sweet Sir John, to come back quick, that I may bring the liquors to a good creditable head again, and not let them dwindle, and dwindle, that every flea-bitten rascal may perfume his blood like a gentleman, forsooth! I pray you now, Sir John, and don't let 'em ride an honest body—Here's Dorothy and myself—we have both been rode, Sir John, that it were a shame to mention how, since you have been at Windsor—And don't let the Boar fall away, Sir John.—There's
Master

Master Rahab, that loved Dol, thereby bringing you into Canaries, and Neighbour Dumb our minister, that used to come disguised in the green doublet, and Mr. 'Tollemey the Harlotry Player, they have all forsook Eastcheap, and gone into the suburbs, that we are quite, as one might say, no better than lone Penitents, and people of no character. Dol sends her service, and holds her own marvellously—I beseech you, good Sir John, to delay no longer than need.

MISTRESS QUICKLY TO SIR JOHN
FALSTAFF.

A WHOLE suit in fatten! Twelve and twelve's twenty-four—that's seven pound four—and six is thirty—Sir John, I won't do it—You think I'm spun of fatten; yea, a worm, goodsooth! But you shall see, Sir John, that I won't be trod on, as I have been—I won't credit it, Sir John—You
had

had a whole top-to-bottom suit at my charge no longer ago than two days before you 'journed—'twas the same day that you had such a kind letter from the King—and you can't have worn them a pin's point. You want to give it to women, Sir John, and I won't countenance such vileness. Here's one Mistress Ursula calls here about you, and you ought to be 'sham'd to leave Dol in the manner you have. I have tended you myself late and early, and wash'd your flesh before and behind, and help'd you to bed—Yes, Sir John, when you could not help yourself, that you'd have died of being senseless and dead of liquor—I've put salt on your belly o'nights, or you'd have burst—pounds and pounds of salt, when you were swell'd, that I never got the tythe of a dram for; that nobody, not my own servants, would touch, Sir John. 'Twas but at Allhallowmas that I lent you money, thirteen pound odd that you won at Primero and was not paid—You promis'd I should have it on the morrow; but you did not say what morrow, and I wonder how you should, goodsooth,
when

when my own servants know you never won a groat of it.

Come and discharge a poor Hostess's dues, Sir John, like an honest man, do—and don't give kirtles away and never pay for them.—Here's Mr. Dombledon had well nigh got Dol's body for a kirtle you gave her with your own hands—I can witness it, and the poor young creature has been compell'd to part with her ear-rings and bracelets to prevent an arrest.—It's a shame, Sir John, and you need not send any more for sattin to me, Sir John, for I won't part with another yard's worth to you again, while my name's Quickly; and so you may get it where you can, Sir John.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF TO MISTRESS
URSULA.

No, no, no—thou art misadvised—thou dost suffer Baker's wives, and barren Gossips, who do conceive upon the novelties of a stale world, get the rule over thee.—The King doth counsel with me in the chewing of a Spanish Nut—He knoweth not the height of six foot himself—I do prick his very yeomen for him—Even now hath there been with me a certain Welch Priest in these parts, who would have access unto the Court—Why he doth present me with a silver toaster, as a bribe, a prologue to his induction—Take it—I do give it thee—'Tis nothing in respect of what thou shalt possess. Thou art one of the first Ladies in the land, an thou wert but sensible of it. If 'twere as thou say'st, that the King doth neglect me, and like the wicked Rehoboam hath taken unto young Counsel.

Counsellors, why should I tarry at Windsor? Let that suffice thee.

Thirty yards of Fustian! I may not hear of it.—Shall it be said, that Sir John Falstaff doth take his seat among the Nobles of the land in the vest of an unbelieving Rabbi? It may not be.—Why, I must do the King honour.—Sattin, fattin, is your only Courtier's wear. Come, come —'tis only a pretty provoking humour thou hast of giving the lustre to thy favours.—Let it be four and twenty yards then—Keep the remnant for new ruffs, and adorn thee for thy advancement.—Why, there it is now—I have simply more ductility than the nimblest quicksilver, and less opposition than a drove goose—I am tractable to any thing, and thou seest it—any thing, that may add to the excellent favour of thy countenance—I have not controul of mine own will—thou hast used spells with me—but thou know'st this, thou know'st this—I have told thee so before.

Let

Let it be a quarter * yard wider than I did at first speak of.—Let me have it speedily, for I may not appear at Court—and indite, direct letters unto me of thy desires—Chuse thy own dignity—look out for thyself—be prodigal, be prodigal—all is in my gift.—Thou may'st become the Goddess Dian' an thou wilt, and lead the chace—Thou wilt look well with a quiver—for I do mean to preserve the Rangerſhip. No more ſcruples, but be quick in my affairs, and ſo ſhalt thou be procurefs of thine own greatneſs.

Adieu!

JOHN FALSTAFF.

* Sir John is determined not to loſe by his boated acquieſcence.

MASTER

MASTER SLENDER TO ANN PAGE.

FAIR Mistrefs Ann, sweet Mistrefs Ann, Abraham Slender craveth leave and liberty to salute thy white hand—He doth by these commend his worthleffness unto thy grace and favour. He would be thy flave, thy fervant, to the height and extremity of all vow'd service; to wit, thy fuitor and thy wooer. Yet not fo much of his own free motion, indeed la', as becaufe his friends defire it of him—that is to fay, his friends will, that thus matters fhould stand. There is the learned Doctor Sir Hugh Evans, and the wife and Worshipful Justice Shallow, my good friend and relation, stand by me in this matter. I will briefly recount what words were uttered in my hearing no longer ago than Thursday was a fortnight—I do remember it was after a Chriftening, at which the aforefaid Welch Divine administered the Rites, the Ceremonies, as are indeed appointed by the Church in
such

such cases, as your fair self cannot but know. It is to be found in the Rubric, and it followeth the Communion-service, and it is indeed a goodly ordinance, as is well known to you, fair Mistress Ann. As I was saying, I chanced to observe upon the sober and decent demeanour, with which our learned Pastor went through the service; as indeed the whole was notably well performed, saving that he had not the gift of the English speech so glib as one might desire (our Gloucestershire Divines have the best smack of it of any I know). This did I remark, and the Gossips did so titter and laugh, and whisper, that indeed, la', I was quite put to confusion; and then Mistress * Quickly tapped me on the cheek, and sought of me, fair Ann, if she should stand Godmother to my first child; and whispered in my ear (loud enough, forsooth, for all the company to hear) that it was rumoured all over Windsor, that there was speedily to be a match between me and Mis-

* This is not Mrs. Q. of Eastcheap.

triss

treffs Ann Page——And I bowed, and flattered, and rejoined, that it was a promise above my hopes—and then the Gossips fell to tittering and whispering incontinently, that indeed la', I was quite abash'd.

Fair Mistress Ann, it is not the fashion of Abram Slender to disparage any. There be some among thy suitors, that have very good gifts and graces. Imprimis, or first of all, Mr. Fenton.—He hath a good leg and an indifferent breast, and is indeed a youth of good conditions—He danceth, singeth songs without book, and hath store of riddles and good nights, and is, in sooth, a very dog at fence—but he hath seen wild days, Mistress Ann, and wild nights—he hath conformed with the loose, the idle, and the graceless—he hath kept more wassels, and spent more monies upon riotings and chamberings, I think on my conscience, than the mad merry fat knight himself. I will not say much of myself—it is not my way—but the learned Sir Hugh, and the wise Justice Shallow, who is also my cousin

(by

(by my mother's side—she came of the Shallows of Gloucestershire, and spelt her name with an *e*, *Shallowe*) these can vouch for me, that I am not given to drinkings, and expences, and wasting my patrimony—Folks did use to commend me therefore. I was call'd in mine own country, “Staid “Abram,” sometimes “Sober Abram;” good commendations, as times go—good commendations, if rightly taken, fair Mistress Ann. I say again, I do not mean to disparage any—neither again will I run comparisons with the French Leach Caius—he is suspected, yea shrewdly, fair Ann, of a plot—he is disaffected—shun him—he is thought to be a spy.—My Cousin Shallow hath also an eye upon him—I do repeat it, shun him.

For thy servant, it is not meet that he found his own praises—let his friends, who also put him upon this, answer for him. Thus much let me say, that I fall not short of any of thy suitors in rare gifts of body, mind, and fortune—I am a very dog at stew'd

E

prunes;

prunes* ; and I have estates; and beeves, and a goodly mansion in Gloucestershire, when I come of age (nine months and odd days only, I do lack of coming to years of discretion) and I will settle upon thee, and thy heirs lawfully begotten, five hundred mark a year, if the thing might be brought to bear—I would it might, fair Mistress Ann ; for folks would think it sin and shame, that the family of the Slenders should perish for lack of heirs. And I pray you, fair Ann, do not listen to the tales of the slanderous. —Jacob Perkins hath taken unto himself the shame and the sin of the illegitimate base-born offspring laid to my charge, and the youth and the maiden are settled in a neighbouring Hamlet.

I do send with these my servant Simple, an honest knave, and of good wit.

Farewell, sweet Ann !

* For an explanation of this phrase, see Note in the 3d Scene of the 3d Act, first part of *Henry the 4th.*—Johnson's Edit. of Shakspeare.

SIR

SIR HUGH EVANS TO ANN PAGE.

I do beg and beseech you, and I do make requests, moreover, and entreaties, look you, in the behalf and behoof of Master Apram Slender, in the good town Windsor resident, that you would bestow your graces, and your smiles, and your favours, upon the poor youth.—He is a youth of good gifts and promises, and it is the desire of your Father, and withal of the sage Justice Shallow, that you would look with an eye of pity and compassion upon him.—The case, look you, is a desperate case—the poor youth's knaggin is primful of fancies, and melancholies, and despondencies; that it would make any Christian heart plead to see.—I do fear me his wits are going; his judgements and his memories, observe, which we are apt to denominate and call his wits, or his faculties;—they are both approved words and phrases.—He was 'ont be a youth of good

parts, and of creat learning; and now hath he forgot his moods, and his tenses, and his Quæ-Genus withal. He did never fail give the answers and the reponses, which are set down in the Church Catechism, freely and with creat readines, and without pook, look you; and now hath he no judgement in these things.—O my conscience, he hath clean forgot his outward and his fisible signs and his craces, and is a fery Heathen in such matters, which is a shame, and a sin, and a creat pity, moreover.—The pig fat Knight put him down the other day, when he required of him who was the strongest man? —“By'r Lady,” quoth Apram, “I cannot tell.” Thy memory is a thing of nought, rejoined the Knight.—Tell me, who lay in Dalila's lap, and had his poll claw'd, and lo! the enemy came upon him, and shaved him with a razor of Gath?—and so fell to mockings and vloutings; for he hath a foul uncodly tongue, and a fery Infidel wit, look you.—Py the Mafs, he will not spare Cot's pook when it doth come in his way.—Coot

Mistress

Mistress Ann, I do counsel and exhort you to use the poor young man tenderly, or he may be triven to desperations, and cholers, and lunacies—you have your 'visaments o'this matter—look to it—he is a well-conditioned youth, and a pold; and one, moreover, that hath Quarter-staff'd with a Warrener, and hath look'd a Packsword in the face upon occasions, marry.

As I can learn, he hath not proke the matter to you, that is to say, verpally and py 'ord of mouth; but he hath written, he tells me; and, I hope, in a Gentlemanly phrase, and that he hath offered coot offers and conditions, look you—for he cometh of gentle blood.—Coot Mistress Ann, give the youth lifts and encouragements, for he is packward and shy in these matters, and may need it, look you.—Indeed, the youth is a youth of coot parts, and creat motesty, and hath an indifferent skill in the languages, and may come to pe of the Quorum, observe; for his creat crandfather and father, and his crandfather old Simon

Slender, have peen all of the Quorum be-
fore him; and it is not meet nor fitting,
look you, that there should fail a man out
of the House of the Slenders to judgement
the land.

Farewell, coot Mistrers Ann!

H. EVANS.

—
ANCIENT PISTOL TO MASTER ABRAM
SLENDER.

LET Doves and Lambkins sigh.—Must
Pistol verses write?
Down, princely choler, down!—Shall Man
of War turn pimp?
Then ballad-monging thrive—Pistol will
nought indite.—
Turn verse to prose for me—turn day to
night—
And Chaos judge thy rhymes—for profody
shall rue,

Falso

False concords halt—pronoun and adverb
limp—

For parts of speech are none, when none
can speech impart.

Be Slender therefore mute, for slender is
his wit.

The Fox shall cater for the silly Goose,
And lordly Lion eke for base Jackall,
E'er true love woo by proxy.

Couragio, Lads! Mecænas is the word—
Poets their patrons have, and Verses do
ensue.—

Why then let purses gape, for Gratis is a
Fool,

And golden wires make music,
Shall Phœbus thread-bare go, the Muses
nine also,

Those dainty Imps on top of high Par-
nasse,

Shall they undowried weep? Then Spin-
ster be the word—

Wedlock is nought—Pistol will single live.
Pistol Pistoles doth love—like loveth like.
Let purse-strings crack—Nan Page is thine,
sweet boy.

She doth thee fly, but Cretan is her wing—
The wax doth melt, when Pistol is the Sun,
And thou shalt seal, go to—contented be
therefore——

But let the labourer live, for he his wages
earns.——

Pistol Pistoles doth lack, who lacketh nought
of wit.

Nan Page is thine, and Fenton he shall
— flee;

Yea, be exhaled, like damned dog of
dunghill;

For Pistol he hath spoke by Rowen' and
her Chalice.

Note.—Master Slender appears to have been tampering with Pistol to write him some love-verses for Ann Page.—How he could suspect Mine Ancient of going to work without his accustomed implements, his *Aurum Durabile*, &c. I can only attribute to his very slight acquaintance with the Ancient.

COMBINATION OF THE WINDSOR INN-
KEEPERS.

SIR Knight, thy Clarion——Blow, Bully
Rock! Blow, Robin Muns, Peter Pimple,
and Arthur Swipes! To him of the cum-
brous Womb the Recheat! Sir Knight,
we greet thee.—Thy Fift of Chivalry,
moft radiant Dad of Bacchus! From
Herne's Oak unto Datchet Mead do our
lintels swell to receive thee, moft puiffant
Elve-queller!——Are our Husbands pam-
per'd, do Brows inflame and itch? Arife,
Sir Knight, arife and woo—Quick! Trot!
Jog!—Into the basket go, and dive into the
deep—Descend, Miftrefs Pratt, descend,
and to the Forest speed with Herne the
Hunter's Horns—Purge wittolly Husband-
hood of it's humours, and let Houfewifery
appear moft chafte.—Thou art the pu-
mice-ftone of Philofophy in Windfor-
quarry found:—our Dace and our Plaice,
our Venifon, and our Samfon, our nether
E 5 Socks,

Socks, and our upper Shirts, our Wode-
woman, and our Sack-master.—We have
no Dragons, bully; we have no riddle-
mongers to gobble up our unexpounders,
no dainty Monster to breakfast on our Vir-
ginity, or thou should'st be our Harcles and
our Champion too. Shall us lose thee,
Bully? Shall us lend thee Horses? Thou
art big, thou art fat, convex, rotund—
Thou wilt break their backs—Spavins
and navel-galls do slacken paces.—Thou
art rein-swoln, pot-bellied—Diseases are
catching, Knight—fracted wind is foul—
Candy is not good with Horse-flesh—Do
we utter well, Bully? Speak we scholarly?
We are confederate, join'd, Men of Com-
pact—Thou shalt not straddle our Nags—
they bear not double, old Castor and Pol-
lux. To the Common go—ascend, Sir
Galilean; mount, and to the City trot—
We will strew the way—we will climb
palms—Will it do, Bully? The Asfs doth
trample most Priestly—'twill be pompous,
Greekish.

We

We the Caputs, and the Heads of the merry Order of Hosthood in King Harry's Town Windsor resident, do protest, that the Knight Falstaff shall not have our, or any of our Horses.—Doth he tender Coin for hire? He hath mickle weight—he's a Mineral, a Fossil, a Mine of Lead—he will crush, overwhelm.—Do we ken his Angels, will he purchase? We have bowels, we have bowels—Naghood's Tongue doth utter not—it is ty'd—We will not sell—we are leagu'd.

Sign, seal, deliver—Quick, Neighbours!

Signed,

BULLY ROCK.

ROBIN MUNS.

PETER PIMPLE.

ARTHUR SWIPES.

SIR JOHN TO ANTIENT PISTOL.

HASTE, my good Antient, I would see thee—Haste to Mistrefs Quickly's—I have misused thee—I confess it, I confess it; but be thou the good Samaritan—I have need of oil to my wounds—I have been cozen'd, revil'd, and whipt—cozen'd by Woman, revil'd by Man, and whipt by Child.—I have been antler'd, my good Antient, though not wedded.—But I lie, I have been wedded too;—to a buck-basket, to the hot fingers of fairy-elves, to the frail promises of woman.—Yea, I have had the Spinster's ring—I was fous'd into the Thames, and wrung by mine Host's scullions; cramp'd 'twixt hand and hand like a rinc'd doublet.—I had thought my swollen belly were but a mass of congealed sack, beverag'd, indeed, with a slight smack of distillation from the poppies of the drowsy God; but I was out, villainously mistaken—I had more bucket-water than sack:

sack: and for distillation, I'm a knave an there hath been a scruple of it in my whole system for a matter of eight and forty hours.—There is no rest in a cart—Mine Host, and his fry of Inkeepers—all the lice of Egypt lye in their quarters!—did enter into confederacy to unhorse me.—I broke their backs, forsooth! 'Tis a lie.—The disciple Ananias leas'd not so largely—'tis a lie—But thou art at Windfor—thou must be advised of all this; for the ballad-singing knaves did deal out, circulate their protest—'twas a standing jest—thou must know it.—I will briefly then unfold to thee, mine Antient, how I escaped me away. I had note of a commodity of hides being carted for London,—buckler's for Hal's, I would say the *King's* service.—A curse on Hal! Would he he were fellow-twin to the Giant, he with the vulture at his chitterlings!—To Windfor went I for a reconciliation; from Windfor came I for a Tanner's yard!—Mark me, good mine Antient:—Having note that there were hides going for London,

don, I barter'd with the Carter, brib'd the Boor to decamp at midnight without coil, for the town was mad, would ha' kept me for sport, made a Sampson of me, had I conso'ted with Ox-hides by day.—In I got, unknowing of other passengers—there were myriads—by night they did roost—on the morrow I was envelop'd, a lump of corruption! a very dunghill, with all it's suffocative smells!—The buck-basket was a mansion to it, a Court—would I had been there again! I'd submitted to be quitted into the river—I'd submitted to be stirred like a boiled cabbage—yea, by the cowl-staff.—I was fifty times in the mind to descend on the road, and trust to dame Fortune for the rest; but the rogue will'd it not—he had a jest in store—for the goal I bargain'd, and for the goal I must on.—'Twas not in my ability to vault—'twas a precipice of five foot—I should ha' burst like a bladder, and with as much explosion too, for I had fasted.—The town did come in view, and I was in a cart, drove like dung for a fallow; a man of my rank
and

and parts!—I was compell'd to creep between the horns of the teeming hides, and ensconce me beneath.—I was compell'd to forego the light of day, or would I have lived, mine Antient, to be shotten, like a tale of bricks, from the nether end of a cart into a Tanner's yard? I'd rather roll'd and been dash'd—I'd rather have lain till the day of resurrection in the paunches of fallow hounds.—Had I been diminutive, I must have into the pit—but I o'ershadow'd it—the tan-pit, for the foul favour'd whipshot had made it his mark.

Haste, good mine Antient, I have more to tell thee.—Mine Hostess did think I had risen from the dead—Would I had not been so much among the living!—But indeed I was much corrupted.—Let me see thee—Delay not.—

JOHN FALSTAFF.

SIR

SIR JOHN TO CORPORAL *BARDOLPH.

WHY, thou damn'd Mulciberian Cyclops-beaming rascal—thou recreant servitor to recreant Hinds;—thou hast no more honourable aspiement in thee, than is in a tail-abbreviated Butcher's retainer.—Because the apostate Prince, the Eastcheap Iscariot, commended the boy Francis, thou must, forsooth, perpetually gibbet, gibbet, gibbet, up and down like mine Hostess's pybald turnspit.

One would think, the only particle of Promethean animation, thy carcase was

* Perhaps the Reader should be reminded, that Bardolph had left Sir John's service on account of the Knight's increased expences, and engaged himself as Tapster to mine Host of the Garter.

"I sit at Ten pound a week."

—10

FALSTAFF.

Merry Wives of Windsor:

Act I. Scene 3.

dowered

dowered with, had concenter'd in thy perpetually verduring nasalities;—and yet have I seen thee trail a pike most puissantly.—Nay, 'twas thy gait, thy warlike deportment, procured thee a Halbert; superadded indeed to a subtilty of finger thou wert egregiously endowed with.

Haft thou forgotten, when some thirty years ago thou wert piously bawling out a rosary with good Mistrefs Blurt, at Paul's? Haft thou forgotten the theft of her holy beads? I saw it, and dubb'd thee an Officer upon the spot; and now are these good Gentlemanly acquirements shrunk to the service of a pewter-pot! —By the Spirit of Cacus, 'tis an apostacy more egregious than that of the betrayer Judas.—To see a fine, dull, indifferent, dispassionate, Pick-purse, forego his laudable, his honourable avocation, and commence waiting-varlet, 'mong the draff of society! 'Tis a breach, a perilous gap in the holy Command, which prescribes unto Man to be duteous and content in his ordained state of life.—I shall live to see thee

thee damn'd, Bardolph.—In the name of a soldier, I conjure thee bestir thyself—Instant discharge me the Knave *Tapster*, and inlist me the tall Recruit *Ambition*.—Think not I would that thou should'st forswear ale—— Drink, drink—an it's an angel a quart, I'll answer the brewage.

If thou conceit'st, that the deep Wassel is only to be kept in common houses, thou art villainously mistaken.—I was never a Tapster, and yet hath my blood kept a perpetual Coronation.—Sack, burnt sack, hath preserv'd me an illuminated front; but indeed 'twas ever an emblem of the Falstaff loyalty. My Grandam, when he died, bequeath'd to his son's portion a swoln kidney. The young heir, a Roman of the true stamp, increas'd the family estate—it throve with him.—For myself, thou hast known me, Bardolph, thou hast known me.——I am not like a many of these now-a-day summer heirs, who prodigally lavish in civets the estates of their ancestors—No—I have religiously kept up the inheritance.
——Prove

—Prove that the fires of my liver have ever been extinct—Prove that they have, and scourge me with rods like the drowsy vestal.

In the most profound science of philosophy there is a term, Corporal, and it is much used, called an *Axiom*.—But I will not mispend the supererrogatory wind, with which the omnipotence of Candy hath kindly blest'd me withal, by entering into verbose definition; and perplexing thee with crude phrase—No—I am too well acquainted with thy indiscriminate uncleanly appliances of papers.—I will briefly observe then, that it hath been ever esteemed a self-evident principle, that the sincerity of returning allegiance is better expressed by deeds than words.—I know not whether the Apostle Thomas had my belly; but this I know, I have his *unbelief*. Thou may'st have the faith and sufferance of Zopyrus—more, more—I deny it not—But, Corporal, I'll see thee damn'd ere I'll trust to it, till thou hast given the irrefragable proof—
My

My horses are under arrest—Mine Host hath them in durance for a credit of Ford's—he that made a Yonker of the fat Knight, under the semblance of Master Brook—that dealt him angels in his pocket, and blows on his skin—that slighted him into a ditch for a tadpole, and hunted him through Windsor Forest for a buck—that——but the breath of man is not sufficiently competent to great revenge.——I did never wish to controul the south-west wind till now—I'd blister him, till the very beasts trembled at his din.——Bardolph, bring off my beasts, my horses—Steal—Enter Ford's house—there is a south door but ill-fortified; and let me see thee forty pound the weightier for thy tapstership. I shall be in Eastcheap—Delay not the moments—Mine Antient Pistol doth await to greet thee by the fist.——I'll not bid thee *adieu*, but I'll bid thee *farewell*.—Nym saith, there is a stoop of excellent malt-liquor in tap here.

JOHN FALSTAFF,

SIR

SIR HUGH EVANS OF THE GOOT TOWN
WINDSOR, PRIEST, TO SIR JOHN FAL-
STAFF, GREETING.

SIR John, I emprace you fery affection-
ately—I fold you to my posom—marry, not
itentically and literally, o'my conscience you
are too pig; put py type and py token, as Mis-
trefs Ford is 'ont exprefs her affection, perad-
venture, in 'Indsor Forest. Ha! ha! ha!—Sir
John, why you are creat upon your own elec-
tions and immunities—Free Ranger in King
Harry's Park, and Knight of the most re-
spectable and goot Order of the Path;
invested, marry, in Datchet Mead.—Ples
my foul! why I did never know Christian
rise to such preferments without the assist-
ance of Majesty—save and except hur own
countrymen, who have, inteed, been com-
pell'd to crow creat of themselves since the
days of Llewellyn*. Why, if the opinion

* The last King of Wales.

of some shrewd Philosophers pe just and goot, which do afer, that the soul of man (and the pody is conjunctive* and inseparate) doth procreßively crow nearer to perfection, o'my conscience, you make such strides, you will pe exalted above the heads of all the people fery shortly; if py no other means, marry, at the callows for stifling some poor 'oman to death with that monstrous feather-ped in your pelly. Ha! ha! ha! You see, Sir John, we of the Rubrick can pe fery merry, maugre a plack coat and doublet; put you must pear with a little—(Pless my soul, what is the 'ord? Galen hath it—) aye, 'tis a *Retort*—you must pear with a little retort, for the mockery and gybe you did put upon me 'fore Master Ford, and his goot friends.

Put all this is not my present pusiness.—There is a man, Sir John, marry, one Pandolph, or *Pardolph*, for inteed he hath not,

* Sir Hugh, Sir Hugh, thou art schismatick, Sir Hugh.

Got help, the appearance of a Pope's Legate—a sleepy, heavy-look'd man, with lifid knots on his nose and cheeks—you must recollection the man—he lives with mine Host of the Garter, and traws ale and peer in a greasy old red coat.—Well, peing very illiterate and padly prought up, the more the pity! he hath fery properly, look'e, made motions to me, as his Pastor, to frame something goot by way of answer to a tender made him.—Got pless my heart and soul, why you are 'orse than the Arch-Tevil in Paradise!—You tempt man and 'oman both.—Look'e, Sir John, the intention may pe goot; put I must be pold to declare, the man peareth himself with greater order and principle, o'my conscience, than there is reason to pelieve, and credit of him, aforetime—Inteed, he is a little pit given to trowfiness; put then he doth not pilfer, and do dirty actions, as Abraham Slender, Esquire, Got's Lords! a creat Magistrate o' the County o' Gloucester, can fouch.—I do afer, Sir John, the man is petter pe a door-keeper in the House of the
Lord,

Lord, than a creat one in the tents o' the ungodly—so, take your 'visaments in this. —He 'ould altogether remain with mine Host, who doth pleed him, and physick him, and inteed 'ork with as much discretions on his face to render somewhat like the image of a man; though more the misfortune, without effect. —Peradventure, he may have some private hankerings after a prother soldier—'tis to pe expected—Got's Lords! Thirty years is a long shot to follow the Trum:—put I do pefeech, and desire of you, that he pe not enticed nor spirited away; for, o' my conscience, the man hath put little prain to help himself. —Pefeech you, Sir John, looke', as a shrewd turn.

I shall pe glad to pe advis'd of your em-parkation to pull down the French King.—Got send his Majesty 'ould make his peace with Glendower—He's a prave man, and 'ould atchiefe 'onders—O' my life, you'll do nought without him.—An you have admittances to his Majesty, make a prief o' the

o' the matter, and report it—he may pe soon found—depend, he's only among the plack mountains.

Marry, Sir John, there is one matter pe-side.—You did porrow at my house a silver toaster.—Mine Host of the Garter hath it not.—Pefeech you, look among your service of plate, and let me have it—'tis a weight o' fourteen ounce—Mine Host did merrily say your plate was all carried off on your pack. Ha! ha! ha! Pe you a pedlar, Sir John, or was it a vlout, and a freak of the scald knave's? O' my conscience, one 'ould think you had enough to do to pear away your own powels; more especially after the merry compination o' the Inn-keepers. Pefeech you, Sir John, look among your service for my toaster.—I have a present of Seese from Monmouth.

Well! Got's comfort go with you!—his Angels piddle down plessings on your knaggin!

HUGH EVANS.

F

SIR

SIR JOHN TO CORPORAL BARDOLPH.

BARDOLPH, thou wilt make me call on Heaven to take me to itself—I shall regret having survived to witness the degeneracy of Gentlemen, my good friends.—I know not whether Dame Fortune will have it so for some differvice I have done her, but my late passages in life have been villainously wayward—Pistol hath play'd me the light heel—Nym hath revolted—thou art a truant.—Mine Antient, and Nym, indeed, unable to procure forage without me, have come to confession and received absolution; and thou dost only withstand the affectionate tenders and remonstrances of thy old Master.—Bardolph, have I wrong'd thee at any time? Have I not made mine own necessities crouch to thy wants? Nay, have I not, many a time and oft, advanced thee monies when mine whole company were fain, out of very poverty, quarter upon the country? Thrice have I rescued thy legs
from

from the Stocks.—When have I withheld my linen, when thy body had else rotted in bed? But that I saved thee, thou had once been flogg'd from Hamlet to Hamlet, been skinn'd for a fox, for pullet-stealing.—What matters it, that thou wert employed by me? Thy duty and fidelity to thy Master would gain thee laud at the latter day, I grant ye; but would it have pour'd in oil to thy wounds here?

I had thought of retiring from the world, like a good white-headed old man, surrounded by every my antient and approved good domestics.—I had thought of devoting a portion of my future days of strength to the subduing of my juvenile passions—I was loth to put it off too long; for know, Bardolph, there is a certain point in the age of Man, when the Delights of the Flesh do wax palsied in their government.—I mean not, that the accumulation of a specifick number of years must of necessity blunt the powers—No.—God forbid, that threescore should be unprocreative!—Indeed, I am

more than that myself—No.—There is a period, I say, which is more distant or early, according to the strength of the fortrefs, when our ally, Dame Nature, causeth the foe to withdraw, and saveth us the merit of a self-conquest.

Haft thou never observ'd, good Corporal, (now can I not call thee by any other name) haft thou never observ'd in Eastcheap a spare acrimonious-looking Cannibal, feeding on his brethren, I would mean on roast crabs? Haft thou never observ'd the dew-lap'd Elder, with finger trembling on the chords of old-age, apply bestriding glasses to his well-contrived nose, and view the figures on mine Hostess's tapestry? His ocular powers have grown dim by age—in vain doth he look out for the soft colourings that once pleas'd him—his eye can discern nought but the ordinary shades—his film, his film does it.—Just so fares it with this goodly landscape of the world—The Yonker admires it's softer colourings, it's pleasures; and by habit is too prone to retain

retain a smack for them, till the last hour of actual enjoyment passeth away; till the blood, it's uncheck'd spirit flagg'd in reaching the imaginary goal, courseth along like a staid mule. This state of incompetent imbecility would I provide against—I would have the merit of a forestall'd repentance.

There is a thing, Corporal, mentioned in Holy Writ, and it is known to many in our land by the name of mushroom—*Manna*, I would say; but indeed, 'tis the same thing.—This Manna, as Moses doth assert in his Reports upon adjudged Cases, fell as the dew of Heaven upon an hungry people. Now, if they had possessed no teeth, good Corporal, God's Elect had been lost, and the Manna remained unmasticate at this day.

Such another windfall is Penitence, unprofitable to him who findeth it too late.

For this cause had I thought of retiring timely with my good domestics

and retainers about me.—Thyself, Nym, Pistol, my faithful dogs, Mistrefs Dol, with thy own Helen, good Corporal, all, all should embrace the blessed moment of Regeneration.—For this did I desire thee to bring off my horses.—Is it for me, Corporal, to abandon my gentle, my good cattle, to the mercy of the ungodly, to the thong of a mundanely-minded hunt-counter, an Inn-keeper? I thank my God, I have not yet the bowels of a Turk.

Mine Antient, who bears these, will inform thee more fully.—Advise with him; and remember, Bardolph, if thou still adherest to thy damnable heresy, Sir John is no longer thy friend.

Farewell!

ANTIENT

ANTIENT PISTOL TO SIR JOHN
FALSTAFF.

LET sack abound!—Be merry, Goodman Buff—for Bardolph, foul-engender'd Wight, the Mule of stubborn rein, doth yield to Knighthood's proffers.—Sir John shall have the stud—avaunt the stud of mushroom growth, the Bardolph's nasal stud! I mean the Bully Rock's—Bucephalus, and Alexandrine nags! Sir John shall steed again—Pistol hath said it.—Shall deeds proclaim, how Garter'd Hosts, and Brazen Bulls were charm'd? Or will old Œson list, ere Jason doth bring home the Golden Fleece? I will unfold, for since that Quorum-oneyers* yearn to sack, Pauca's a tatler grown.

* Antient Pistol must allude to the mirth of Master Silence in his cups.—Vide Henry IVth. Second Part.

When Pistol kenn'd the Lazar, he of
spigot-puissance, off-shogg'd the scouler like
to Dutchman's pinnace.—And did not
ancestry o'ertake? Yea, and subdue; or
Pistol's Caliber is not of England's mould.

Sir John, and master mine, thou art the
kernel and the core of Clerkish Knight-
hood.—The Apple of mine Eye is base—
Foh! a Figo for the phrase!—Let pau-
cify be Nym's—Pistol is quaint of quip.—
Thou art the Tree on Ida's top, whence
golden apples grow to tempt the maw of
man.—Bardolph will pluck, go to.—
Thy schoolish letter, Knight, hath from the
lees of ale incorporate distill'd unmanly
tear; at scan of it, the bashful Corporal did
weep like she of Thebes.—His senses are
most fap—he hath been brew'd, and wort's
his age—Doth the humour pass? —He
is a child, go to—and from his swaddling-
clothes will Pistol shape the doublet, frops,
and eke the short cloak hight, for Knight-
hood's wear.—Shall Dombledons and
silkworms vile lay dead in Sepulchre, and
shall

shall not man be cloath'd? Why then let Ford be spun.—He shall be robb'd; for warriors must have Mark in body and in breech.—Clip we the Bardolph's snuff, when services are done? Or do we fuel add, for he is to the socket burnt?—In filching time his eyelids do bow down, and pawn'd he hath to weaver's man most base, his goodly Caliver, for hose of second wear.—He must be sherk'd, or charges will ensue.—Come we to the *pauca one*, or shall the Phoenix blaze? We must adopt, or Dian will become maid Marian to Lucifer, and lead his mowing Imps, his damned Apes of Hell.—We must succession have; for lads and compeers, wooers of the Moon, should never dwindle fellowship—Pistol will Jack-all be unto the crew.—Sir John, and Lion mine, arrest thine eyes' epistolary progress, and mark the Calf—I mean the crural Calf.—Seest thou ought unsymmetried? Now, by the Lad that Vulcan, he of antler'd brow, did catch like Sparrow, his soul is as well apportion'd.—Palm him the Nief of mickle Fellowship, and from the tiding-

bearer low bid boyhood rise the puissant
Pick purse.—Ought, that Pistol hath not
utter'd, he will unfold.—Bow down um-
brageous Manhood, and perpend unto him.

Thine ANTIENT PISTOL.

Ford shall be robb'd—Bardolph is Tap-
ster to him, and doth his threshold know.—
Thy Nags shall forage in Eastcheap ere bats
do sleep again.—Farewell!

DAVY TO SHALLOW.

I BESEECH your good Worship to come
quick. Here is Master Abram very ill—
He goes about, and about, and lobs his head
over this shoulder, and over that shoulder,
like, your Worship, as it were, just of all
the world like the large sun-flower of an
afternoon by the tulip borders.—I'm
afraid, and so's Robin, that he's bestraught;
for he sighs, and flobbers his beard, and
Robin

Robin says, a' sometimes looks, marry, just as your Worship did, when your Worship went mad about the Coat of Arms at old Sir Thomas's death.——He went on the Bench with your Worship's Cousin Silence*, to commit some vagrants, for stealing the nettles out of the ditch in the Park to make broth, thereby hurting the fences; and he took no note of any thing; but look'd down upon the ground, and sigh'd, and sigh'd—and presently, when your Worship's Cousin Silence ordered I should make out a mitimus for one Alice Page, a' cried out, *Mum!* and said, she was in white—and she was an old gypsey, your Worship, in drab; and so I told Master Abram, but he call'd me a *Post-boy*.——I beseech your Worship to come quick, for a' heeds nobody.——Master Abram was wont speak very soft, and play ball with the maids, and sing to us in the Hall; and now a' goes about, and pines, and pines, and eats no not the tithe.

* Query.——Was not this same Master Silence a descendant of the Roman *Tacitus*?

of a gooseberry.—I got him a dish of prunes, stew'd prunes, your Worship, that a' was wont to delight in; and a touch'd them not; but said, *Mr. Fentum, Mr. Fentum* must have 'em.—But I told him there was no such a Gentleman in Cotswold; then a' call'd out, "*Nan Page was a maid*;" and so fell a gobbling them up with his hands, both his hands, that, your Worship, 'twas quite unlike Master Abram, that was always so bashful to eat afore any body at all.—I beg your Worship to hasten, or a' may come to a bad end.—A' went out at twelve o'clock last night, and said the fat Knight Falstaff, he that robb'd your Worship's Park, was under the Elms—Robin and I took our Calivers to shoot him, remembering your Worship's directions; but a' was not there—all was lonely, your Worship, and yet Master Abram would not come in.—A' said, "*Nan Page would appear in white*," and then a call'd out, *Mum! Mum!*

Good

Good your Worship, I'll be bold to observe upon a point :—A matter has struck me, as your Worship was wont say—marry, and very hard.—I hope he be not, that is, I think a' would not, your Worship conceits me, I should grieve that—that our Master Abram were in league with—— Truly, I have serv'd your Worship very faithfully a matter of twelve years, as serving-man, and steward, and butler, and—— I have but six mark a year, your Worship—— and clerk, and keeper of the stocks, and—— all for six mark, your Worship——and cook, and cook's man, and—hatch'd your Worship's young turkies, worn all your Worship's cast doublets and hose——it's a long charge for one lone man, and six mark's a short reckoning, and I hope, your Worship would make a friend of me in any great matter——An Master Abram be one on 'em, he may have great reason for it—and I'll be suppos'd he is; for a' walks back and back quite in thought, and speaks to himself, and then answers, and does all just as Percy the Duke's son did, afore he

was

was kill'd—Your Worship may trust a worse man than me, and trust a friend—Master Abram* may stand in Percy's shoes, and yet wear them out, I can tell your Worship that.—There's much wool in Cotswould, altho' little cry.—The Stroud's a small shot over; but a bullet won't find the bottom soon.—Would your Worship have the bucklers and mails clean'd up, that hang in the Hall? Marry, and the Welch hooks new pointed? Glendower will teach us trail the hook.—I would, your Worship would come among us.—Here's William Vifor, and Ralph Rampant, and Phil. Snugges, and Mark Maple-eye, and a many more of us—we exercife, your Worship, every day; and I

* Who could suspect ABRAHAM SLENDER, ESQ. of taking part in National Commotions? Davy's conceit is certainly a little mirthful.—Yet it should be remarked, that the wild and irregular starts of Percy may have been the subject of much talk with the common people, and by such shrewd fellows as Davy be considered the distinguishing mark, or (as Falstaff says) the *Shibboleth* of a Rebel of Rank.

deal

deal out provisions and ale from your Worship's cellar—and I would, your Worship would give order for pay ; and some hops, your Worship, for brewing ; and some hurdles for the turnip-field ; and a new yoke for the oxen ; and a word of comfort for Alice Shortcake ;—the pines, your Worship, about Master Abram.

With these matters I humbly take leave of your Worship.

SHALLOW TO DAVY.

GOD blefs my heart and foul!—Disband the soldiers, Davy—Let 'em be disbanded.—Bless my heart, I shall be attainted of affection to his Majesty's enemies. —That Mark Maple-eye hath more colours than one—I have seen him a good subject.—Marry, doth my Cousin Silence know, is he advifed of the matter?—Let him not know it, Davy.—How long hath

hath Ralph Rampant been a rebel? Marry, he shall remain Rampant—he shall be quarter'd for their arms, hung, drawn, and quarter'd.—Let my Cousin Slender be tended, Davy, closely, Davy—a crook in love should be in the hand of a good shepherd—He hath been cross'd, Davy.—A fair sprag maiden of good conditions and endowments, but come of the first woman, yea more fig-leaves to conceal her tendencies than Eve, Davy—marry, a *Budget**. Let John Coomb widen the stocks—Hath he sent his bill, Davy? Let my Cousin Silence have it for the Quorum.—The County must pay it—'tis a repair awarded for damages, damages by the rebels—in their retreat, Davy.—A new granary, and a dove-cot, indeed, on my own lands, but that is nought, not awhit.—Marry, we examine—we cast, and pay.—Truly, an

* Whether Shallow is intentionally witty, I cannot pretend to affirm; but this same word was to have been sweet Ann Page's private answer to Master Slender's Quail-call in Windsor Forest.—Vide *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. Scene 1.

a Justice

a Justice of the Peace could not shift to edge any little tiny matter in of his own, the Quorum would not hold plural—'twould quick be in the singular number, Davy, foon *Qui, quæ, quod.*—Ha! ha! ha!—We don't labour in the vineyard for nought, Davy—Ha! ha! ha! Marry, let the Stocks be widened—Bid John Coomb look to it, and see that it be done.—I'm resolv'd, that William Visor shall not 'scape—his legs shall not bear him off again—he hath a grofs calf; but the Stocks shall bind it—he shall not get away—yea, he shall be bound in calf.—God blefs my foul, Davy, how could you assemble; how encourage, marry, and marshal, the foes of his gracious Majesty?—O' my conscience, I might have been proclaim'd, yea, marry, declared a rebel by attainder, and march'd against.—But indeed you have not been in love, Davy—You never lov'd.—My Cousin Slender hath a great trial—look to him, Davy—he hath much—Give him attendance, Davy—he may start, marry, and break out, and—'tis love, Davy, look to him,
a liege

a liege subject, and a loyal, may do it.—
I could name you the day, when the hear
of a fine tall Bona-Roba would make me, I
should ha' hop'd you—— God blefs my
heart, why what, Davy—it is not all brew'd
—hath become of the Pocket from Hinch-
ley market—the Pocket of Hops, new hops,
Davy, bought at the Wake, marry, of
Hugh Ryecrop?—You can't chuse want
hops, Davy—certain you can't.—Marry,
for the yoke, let it be had; but the hur-
dles, Davy, must be stak'd and bound—
You don't give range, you don't give scope,
Davy, to the flock.—Let them have an
half acre turnip—they'll not level fences.—
Look to my Cousin Slender.—I shall tend
him myself, Davy, soon, Davy.

ROBERT SHALLOW.

* Here is an air of pleasantry throughout, that I
have never observed in Shallow before. Through all
his affected anger, 'tis easy enough to discover, that
his vanity is not a little fed by Davy's anticipating
officiousness.—No matter to Robert in what cause
they had assembled, he had a corps of soldiers training
in his service!

DAVY

DAVY TO SHALLOW.

MASTER Abram is dead, gone, your Worship—dead! Master Abram! Oh! good your Worship, a's gone.—A never throve, since a' came from Windsor—'twas his death. I call'd him a rebel, your Worship—but a' was all subject—a' was subject to any babe, as much as a King—a' turn'd, like as it were the latter end of a lover's lute—a' was all peace and resignation—a' took delight in nothing but his book of songs and sonnets—a' would go to the Stroud side under the large beech tree, and sing, till 'twas quite pity of our lives to mark him; for his chin grew as long as a muscle—Oh! a' sung his soul and body quite away—a' was lank as any greyhound, and had such a scent! I hid his love-songs amoug your Worship's law-books; for I thought, if a' could not get at them, it might be to his quiet; but a snuff'd 'em out in a moment.—Good your Worship, have the wife

wife woman of Brentford secured—Master Abram may have been conjured—Peter Simple says, a' never look'd up, after a sent to the wife woman—Marry, a' was always given to look down afore his elders; a' might do it, a' was given to it—your Worship knows it; but then 'twas peak and pert with him—a' was a man again, marry, in the turn of his heel.—A' died, your Worship, just about one, at the crow of the cock.—I thought how it was with him; for a talk'd as quick, aye, marry, as glib as your Worship; and a' smiled, and look'd at his own nose, and call'd "Sweet Ann Page." I ask'd him if a' would eat—so a' bad us commend him to his Cousin Robert (a' never call'd your Worship so before) and bade us get hot meat, for a' would not say nay to Ann again*.—But a' never liv'd to touch it—a' began all in a moment to sing "Lovers all, a Madrigal." 'Twas the only song Master Abram ever learnt out of

* Vide Merry Wives of Windsor—Latter part of the 1st Scene, 1st Act.

book, and clean by heart, your Worship—
and so a' sung, and smiled, and look'd askew
at his own nose, and sung, and sung on, till
his breath waxed shorter, and shorter, and
shorter, and a' fell into a struggle and died.
I beseech your Worship to think he was well
tended—I look'd to him, your Worship,
late and soon, and crept at his heel all day
long, an it had been any fallow dog—but I
thought a' could never live, for a' did so
sing, and then a' never drank with it—
I knew 'twas a bad sign—yea, a' sung, your
Worship, marry, without drinking a drop.

Alice Shortcake craves, she may make
his shroud.—Ah! had your Worship but
never ha' taken him to Windsor! I knew
Mistress Alice's mind, marry, and Master
Abram's too—they'd ha' coupled, your Wor-
ship, and never dreamt of love, any more
than all their forefathers, and grandfathers
did afore them.

Old Sir Simon's vault must be opened,
I humbly conceit, your Worship; and
Master

Master Abram's effigy placed by his side in the Chancelry, in armour, marry, with his hands folded on his breast, by way of denoting his death's-wound! for I humbly think, with your Worship's leave, it may tend to warn all such, as have not shrewd heads, from entering into love-matters.—An your Worship will specify time and place, I'll bring the horses to meet, and carry your Worship home, in order to have directions about Master Abram's funeral.

Your Worship's serving man,

DAVY.

MASTER

The following fragment appears among Sir John's papers.—It evidently formed part of a Letter to the Prince; but being very mutilated, the Editor was for some time irresolute as to granting it admission among his more perfect MS.—However, an innate reverence to every the most trifling relique of the good Knight, at length determined him to present it to the publick.

* * * * * made up of the shreds
and clippings of the several arts and sci-
ences.—He hath made much progress in
Italian, doth begin to wax villainously nasal
in his pronunciation of French; and for
dancing, Hal! he would flit ye to and fro
like a shadow. * * * * *

* * * * *

* * In height he is about 5 foot 11, or
by'r lady, inclining to six foot; but the
face, the face, is the Trumpeter to this
aspiring inclination of Master Slender's;
the

the distance from chin to brow being a common pace, or geometrically speaking, is to the whole upright system as 4 to $16\frac{1}{2}$ —one-fourth, if we omit fractions. With all this majesty of

* * * *

* * * *

Cæt. Desunt.

CAPTAIN FLUELLIN TO MRS. QUICKLY.

GOT pless my heart! Captain Falstaff dead! Mistrefs 'Ickly, I hope he departed with the fear of his Majesty in poth his eyes, marry, and of Got too? His Majesty, to pe sure, was repukings and gallings to him, when his Majesty, look'e, was King upon the death of his father; but that is nought——If he used his goot pleasures in the matter, look'e, Mistrefs 'Ickly, he might degrade, and create a trummer, or a fifer, or what is 'orfe, the sutler's paggage-pearer o' the camp, of me, or of any captain. Sir John was old, most certain, and

his

his preed might pe a matter pigger than I can recollection to have seen; put that, look'e, should not kill him a whit the more sudden.—'hy, I did have letters from him—when was the messenger arrive? Aye, yesterday is the week, 'tis in my pocket, advising of a kind of intention, marry, to empark for the enemy's coast with me and Captain Gower—'tis as gypish and jokish, and as primful of the altogether Knight, o' my conscience, as one graff'd pippin might favour of another.—Put Death is fery ill and moody in his 'haviour and manners.—He is not the Gentleman, peradventure, in his intercourses, that I might observe of other his relatifes.—There was Ulysses the Greek had occasions and matters to discuss with Pluto—'hy, he was received, look'e, pelow, as his rank merited—O, Death had a goot pattern in Pluto!—I have had readings apout Death—You shall hear——

*And when he 'ould pe merry, he doth chuse
The gaudy champer of a dying King——*

G

O! then

*O! then he doth ope wide his poney chaws;
 And with rude laughter and fantastic tricks,
 He claps his rattling fingers to his side;
 And when this solemn mockery——*

Put I will end with this solemn mockery.
 —You see, Mistrefs 'Ickly, that Death hath
 his vlouts, and his freaks, and his merri-
 ments, maugre what all the antient writers
 may afer; tho', o' my conscience, I cannot
 say, I did ever in any my pattles and skir-
 mishes see him, look'e, so much as on a
 proad grin.——I am forget the lineage and
 family of the author; put it pe *Irish*

—Hath Captain Falstaff left any creat mat-
 ters in the way of estate? Put that's no
 matter at all—send me the pill of his fu-
 neral charges, and I will pe three crowns
 in his debt to puy him a pound of lead to
 lay in.——So Got me 'udge, I affection'd
 the man, as a man, peradventure, might es-
 timate of a prother, where there was only
 one in the family, look'e, pefide the father
 and his ownself.——He was the fery per-
 son

son of all the 'orld to keep th' universal army in goot glee, when the athversary, o' my conscience, approach'd with his pike as far off as the jerk of half a stone:—Hath he left sons and daughters to represent and typify him in the 'orld? Let me pe advised o' this matter, Mistrefs 'Ickly.—I will promotion and make them as pig men under King Harry, as he that peget them of 'oman; that is, Mistrefs 'Ickly, upon the well fouchment, and pelief, and credit too, that they pe honest and goot subjects, and pe not given to porrowings and sackings.—O' my credit, there is three pounds Sir John did get advance of me py way of possets, which is no petter than dross—Put that, look'e, is a matter of affapility between us, that I 'ould not discufs to an own prother.—He is dead, and I am three crowns in his debt, and there's the finish.

Got blefs you, Mistrefs Quickly!

F I N I S.

17 JY 60

FINIS

